

# The TATLER

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London  
February 3, 1937

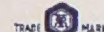


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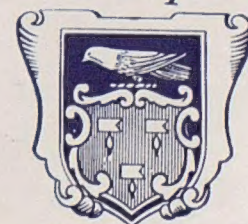


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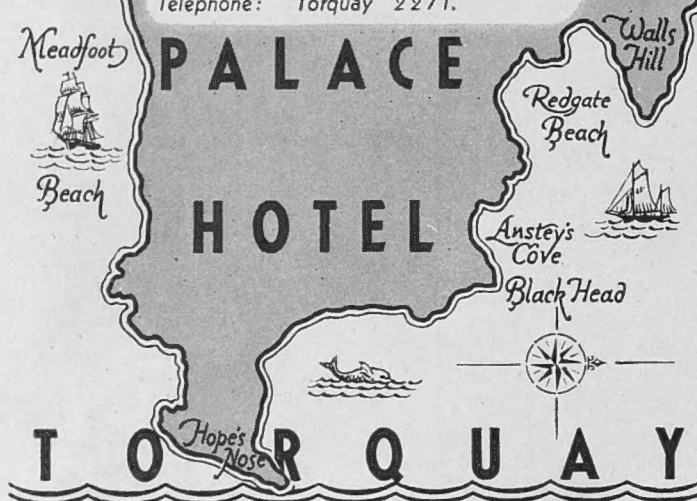
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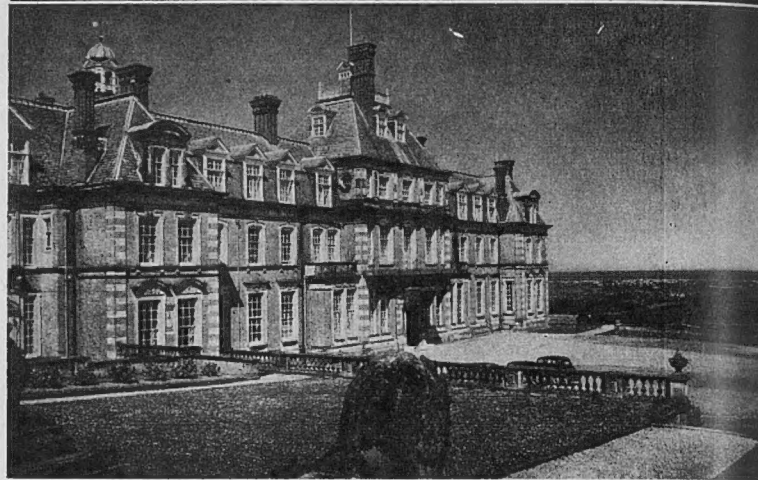
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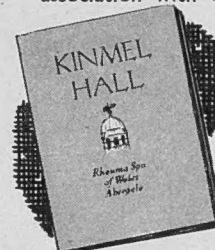


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# The TATTLER

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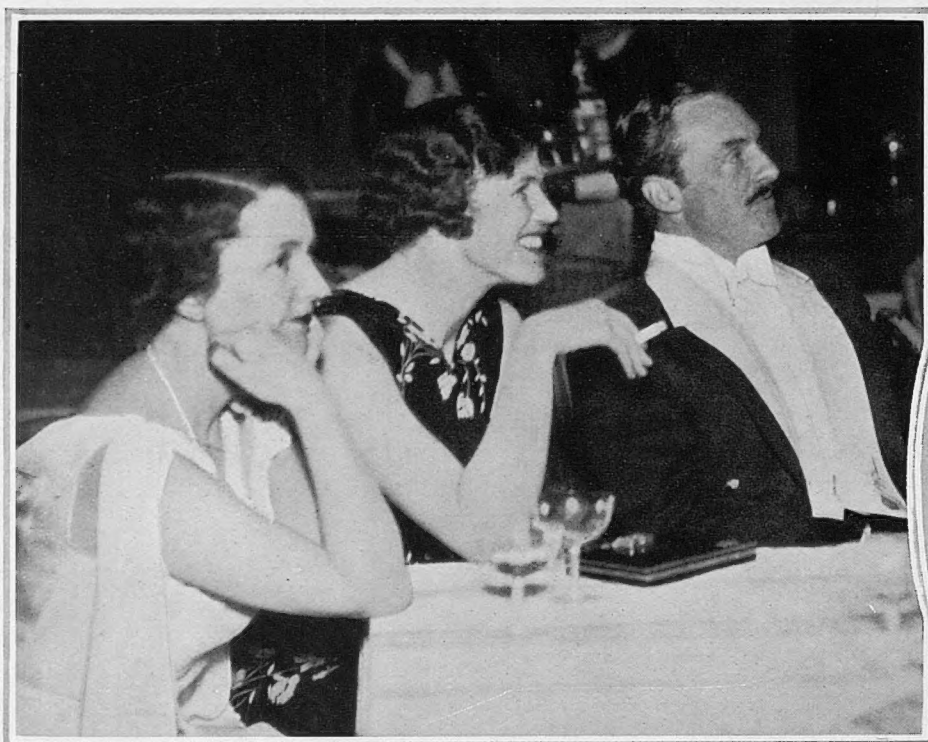


*Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House*

## THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NORFOLK

Photographed at their wedding reception held at Lord Rosebery's house in Berkeley Square, where for a solid hour and a half they were shaking hands with well-wishers. The marriage of the Hon. Lavinia Strutt, daughter of Lord Belper and Lady Rosebery, to England's Premier Duke and Earl Marshal quite stole the thunder from the film stars in the matter of crowd enthusiasm, and it is surprising that only a few minor injuries resulted from the mad stampeding. In the Oratory itself it was a case of standing room only for at least a hundred of the guests. The Duke of Norfolk's bride wore the most perfectly cut silver lamé gown and looked enchanting.





AT THE PYTCHLEY FARMERS' BALL AT NORTHAMPTON

The Pytchley farmers' annual ball is always a most successful function, for in no hunting demesne in the Three Kingdoms are the hunt and the men over whose land the pursuit is carried on on better terms. In the above picture are Miss Norah Macdonald, a sister of the joint master, Captain Macdonald-Buchanan, who took the additional name of Buchanan on his marriage to the daughter of the late Lord Woolavington, and Mrs. H. N. Scott Robson, wife of Colonel Scott Robson, C.O. 4th Battn. Northamptonshire Regiment, who was formerly in the Greys and famous in the polo world

"Souvent femme varie;  
Bien fol est qui s'y fie."—FRANCIS I.

**B**UT without such change man would sink into apathy and boredom. Variation, excitement and thrills are the food of vitality and youth.

No one really wants life to be unchanging; it would be as dull as a diet of perpetual treacle. The vagaries of women, the uncertainty of horses, cash fluctuations; they keep us busy and amused!

**M**usic, weddings, brides, film first-nights, helped to keep Londoners much occupied last week, combined with a few dress shows, luncheon parties and new cabaret turns at restaurants where people who matter and are in London like to be seen.

Mlle. Lys Gauty, from Paris, came to entertain those who "take" supper under the tulip trees of the Ritz. A disease, she entertained a smart audience which included lovely Lady Moira Combe, Lady Stanley, Lord Carnarvon, and Mr. Ernest Simpson; who danced with great energy whenever the guests took the floor. Lady Stanley preferred the rôle of spectator, strolling here and there to talk to friends, among whom was Thelma Lady Furness, who looked exceedingly smart in a lacy dress strewn with small gun-metal sequins.

**L**uxury cruisers continue to carry off passengers who feel that

## PANORAMA



LADY JEAN OGILVY

Yeovnde

A Coronation debutante whose family has many links with Royalty. Her father, Lord Airlie was a Lord-in-Waiting to King George V and her grandmother, Mabel, Lady Airlie has been for many years one of Queen Mary's Ladies-in-Waiting. Lady Jean Ogilvy's maternal grandfather Lord Leicester, who owns Holkham near Sandringham, was a personal friend of the late King George



LADY WARWICK WITH CAPTAIN MARTINEAU AT ST MORITZ

Lady Warwick was talking to the President of the St. Moritz Bobsleigh Club near the head of the run which, second only to the Cresta, is the quickest, if the most complicated, way of getting from St. Moritz down to Samaden

sunshine far afield is preferable to fog and continuous rain at home.

The Rosslyn, the Craigavon, the St. Levans, and Sir Montagu and Lady Burton are among those who will be, or at any rate hope to be, steaming through 22,000 miles of sunshine for the next seventy-seven days! They won't be back until the first week in April, missing, lucky people, the whole of the winter.

Lady Evelyn Cobbold has gone off to Africa. She is one of the very few Englishwomen, and, incidentally, the first, to have made the pilgrimage to Mecca. She has been a Moslem for years, can recite long passages of the Korân, and speaks fluent Arabic, accomplishments which she must have found very useful in her rôle of pilgrim.

**W**eddings are a form of pageantry of which Londoners never tire. Hundreds, if not thousands, came to the Brompton Oratory, or, rather, outside it, last week to see the wedding of Miss Lavinia Strutt, sport-loving daughter of Lady Rosebery and of Lord Belper. Many of the vast crowd who waited in the roadway and up the steps leading to the



church, to enter which a special ticket was necessary, can never have seen more than the top of the bride's head. But we are an incurably sentimental people.

The Roseberys' London house in Berkeley Square was almost too small (and it is larger than the Norfolk mansion in St. James's Square, though you would never think it from the front!) for the many guests who came to the reception after the ceremony. Three rooms and a landing were filled with the presents. I admired the methodical arrangement, "presentations" in the first room, mostly silver or Sheffield plate and a few pictures, including a portrait of the Duke given by two of his sisters, Lady Katherine and Lady Winifride Howard. There was no artist's name on what was a very good likeness. Actually the picture was painted from a photograph taken by an Arundel photographer, and Miss Strutt, now Duchess of Norfolk, liked it so much that her sisters-in-law gave it to her with other gifts.

Frank Beresford's picture of the proclamation of the accession of King George VI, dated Saturday, December 19, 1936, had a special interest, as it showed the Duke and attendant Kings of Arms and Heralds at St. James's Palace.

In the glass case where jewellery was shown I found that Mrs. James de Rothschild had cleverly combined the bride and bridegroom's racing emblems on a cigarette case—a Mickey Mouse (in markasite and diamonds) on pale blue and scarlet enamel.

Miss Lavinia Strutt followed the good old-fashioned custom of going to bed early the night before her wedding. Preliminary celebrations were got over on the Monday before the wedding and took the form of family parties, with a visit to a theatre, so it was only natural that the bride should look "radiant" as she arrived in her silver wedding dress (with



Swabe

#### SUPPING IN TOWN LAST WEEK

Lady Elizabeth Murray and Mr. Michael Crichton at that favourite spot, the Café de Paris. Lady Elizabeth is the younger of Lord and Lady Dunmore's two daughters, her sister being Lady Marjorie Stirling, and Mr. Michael Crichton is a cousin of Lord Erne and the elder son of Captain the Hon. Arthur Crichton, one of Lord Erne's uncles

pages—red flowers were used to decorate the Oratory, were carried by the bridesmaids, and worn in their hair.

\* \* \*  
Coronation Year casts its brilliance on brides.

Lady Violet Baring, a daughter of Lord and Lady Cromer (Lord Cromer is Lord Chamberlain), chose gold and rich Coronation red for a colour scheme.

The bride wore a gold wedding dress, and sentiment inspired the use of a Brussels net veil, edged with lace, which had been worn by her mother at her own wedding. Red velvet was reserved for her bridesmaids, pretty Daphne Henderson, Susan Vernon, Pamela Schreiber, Rosemary Dawson, and Mary Windsor-Lewis. The red and gold harmonised perfectly with the decorations of the Guards Chapel, Wellington Barracks. The bridegroom, Mr. Vernon Herbert, is in the Grenadier Guards.

Lord Cromer will be one of the busiest men this Coronation Year. Courts and Court functions will keep

him up to the eyes in work till the end of June. Captain Alexander Hardinge, private secretary to His Majesty, has already found it necessary to take leave to recover from the strain of recent events and brace himself for the summer programme.

Lord Wigram, recalled from retirement and now a permanent Lord-in-Waiting to the King, will be specially useful in matters connected with the visit of their Majesties to India next December. He was at the Coronation Durbar in the reign of King George and Queen Mary, and it was his idea to have a scale model of the Durbar Camp made and sent to London so that King George V might be familiar with the whole idea by the time he arrived.

Queen Mary enjoyed her stay in India immensely. Those in charge of her safety and that of her husband were not always so happy. Her Majesty's interest in Delhi, her desire to "explore" without giving preliminary warning, were sometimes a source of anxiety to those responsible for her safety.

(Continued overleaf)



Yevonde

#### LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

A recent study of the former Miss Edwina Ashley, the wife of Commander Lord Louis Mountbatten. Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten returned from a brief winter holiday in Switzerland not long ago, he being kept pretty busy at the Admiralty. Lord Louis Mountbatten has earned fame in the polo world by producing that good Royal Navy side which virtually won the last Inter-Regimental at Hurlingham

which she had wisely refused to wear old lace) and white tulle veil.

The Duke's racing colours, to which I have already referred, were stressed in the pale blue, touched with scarlet, dresses of the bridesmaids and the suits of the six



AT MISS ELSA MAXWELL'S "BARNYARD" PARTY IN NEW YORK

A whole page of other pictures of this amusing farmyard frolic, given recently by the famous Miss Elsa Maxwell at the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York, appear on p. 189 in this issue. In the above are Mr. Cecil Beaton, quite admirably disguised as a scarecrow, dancing with Miss Fell, daughter of Mrs. Ogden Mills and the ex-debutante niece of Lady Granard. The late Mr. Ogden Mills was Secretary to the United States Treasury



## PANORAMA—continued

Lord Wigram is delighted to be back "in harness." Years of experience have made him a perfect courtier and he is very popular with those who work with him, either employers or employed.

\* \* \*

Reminiscences of the Marchioness of Townshend, "It Was and it Wasn't," published last week, deal with her social life in London and Norfolk and the famous people she has met.

Only those who know her well know how hard a struggle had to be fought before she and her children were able to call the Great House of Raynham their home.

The Marchioness has a keen sense of humour, rare in many peeresses; she has brains and likes to use them, and provided she is really interested in any scheme does not care a "hoot" what other people think.

She is a devoted mother, has "run" her son's ancestral estate with great success, has written at least one play, which was produced in London, "collaborated" in a book of ghost stories, and, in general, has proved herself a most interesting and human personality.

\* \* \*

That St. Moritz is as gay as ever goes, of course, without saying. An orgy of gala nights, and scarcely less gala days, leaves nothing to be desired save, perhaps, a little relaxation. On the Corviglia heights I saw Lady Knollys waving farewell to Lady Haddington, who, complete with skis, skins, and a stalwart guide, was about to scale a neighbouring peak prior to a run down to Suvretta. Lady Haddington is a "crack" ski-euse and a gold-medallist skater of considerable standing into the bargain. Being Canadian-born, these pursuits are second nature to this dark-haired beauty.

Hardly less energetic are Princess Aspasia of Greece and her very attractive schoolgirl daughter, Alexandre, whom I found sitting in the sun with Countess "Wally" Castlebarco, Toscanini's daughter. At a long trestle table nearby, Princess Christian of Hesse was presiding over a distinguished gathering which included her son, ex-Etonian Prince Waldemar, and Madame de Gripenberg, wife of the Finnish Minister in London.

\* \* \*

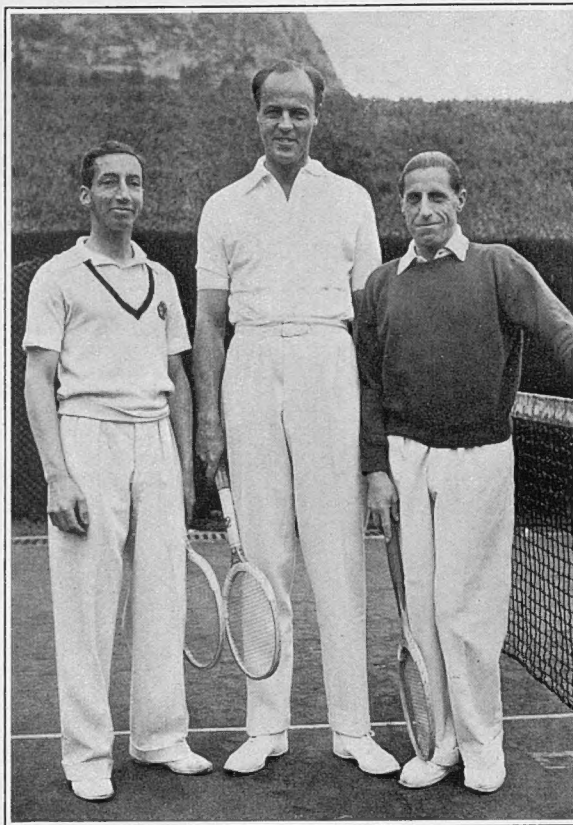
Does Kensington Palace help longevity? Existence goes on so quietly inside its walls that it might quite well be so.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, is almost a nonogenarian; Princess Beatrice well over eighty. Another interesting occupant of the palace is Mrs. Lynnedock Moncrieff—a nonogenarian, or almost one.

It is about forty years

since her friend, Princess Louise, persuaded Queen Victoria to grant her apartments on the opposite side of the courtyard to those occupied by the Princess herself.

Mrs. Moncrieff, known to Victorians as Anita Gaitana, was a famous singer—a friend of Liszt, Gounod, and Charles Santley. She taught Prince Leopold, a son of Queen Victoria, to sing—sang to the Queen herself. She and Princess Louise meet often and exchange reminiscences.



AT MONTE CARLO: THE HON. ESMOND HARMSWORTH (centre) WITH MR. CHARLES KINGSLEY AND MR. LANDAU

The Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, who is staying with his father, Lord Rothermere, at his lovely Cap Martin villa, plays an extremely good game of tennis. He is seen here with Mr. Charles Kingsley, a former Davis Cup player, and Mr. Landau, who is the champion of Monaco



SIR OLIVER AND LADY HART DYKE AT THE BAL GARDENIA

Lady Chamberlain, Lady Cahn, wife of the Master-Elect of the Fernie, Sir Julien Cahn, and Madame Norman Bohn gave this party at Claridge's for members of the Club Gardenia of Paris. Sir Oliver Hart Dyke, of Horeham, Sussex, is the 8th baronet and is a descendant of the famous Chief Justice, who was the father of the 1st baronet, 1677

\* \* \*

The New Year season of musical parties has started, and Lady Wimborne gave it a good send-off with her Chamber Music Society Concert. The Society's activities are always to be heard at Wimborne House, with the audience seated under becoming candlelight and a good supper to wind up the evening.

"Jimmy" Smith's concert at the Grottrian Hall on February 16 ought to "draw" an audience brilliant in the social as well as musical meaning of the term.

The Hon. James has a good tenor voice, which, with few exceptions in aid of charity, has usually been reserved for the entertainment of his relations and intimate friends.

The Polish Ambassador and Countess Edward Raczyński, who have already given good musical parties at the Embassy in Portland Place, gave another last week.

The programme, an interesting souvenir of a pleasant evening, was decorated with a most attractive and well done woodcut. Musical guests enjoyed a treat. Even the rather lengthy Concerto for Two Pianos by R. Maciejewski, who himself played with K. Krane, failed to take the edge off their musical appetites. More normal appetites were nicely sharpened when we adjourned to the excellent buffet downstairs.

Gilt chairs in the Chinese room on the first floor were occupied by distinguished guests, many of them members of the Diplomatic Corps, like the Counsellor of the American Embassy, Mr. Ray Atherton, whose handsome wife is as tall as her equally handsome husband. She was Miss Maud Hunnewell before her marriage, and is a very good golfer indeed.

\* \* \*

EMBASSY parties are always pleasantly soothing, and it is nice to go to a dignified entertainment conducted on leisurely lines.

The Countess Edward Raczyński is a charming hostess. Her guests the other night included Madame Marees Van Swinderen, from the Netherlands Legation, Countess Ahlefeldt-Laurvig, from the Danish Legation, Lady Greville, Lord Bury with his good-looking young wife, and the Countess of Gainsborough, who brought her daughter, Lady Maureen Noel.



# THE NOW FAMOUS

# "BARNYARD" PARTY



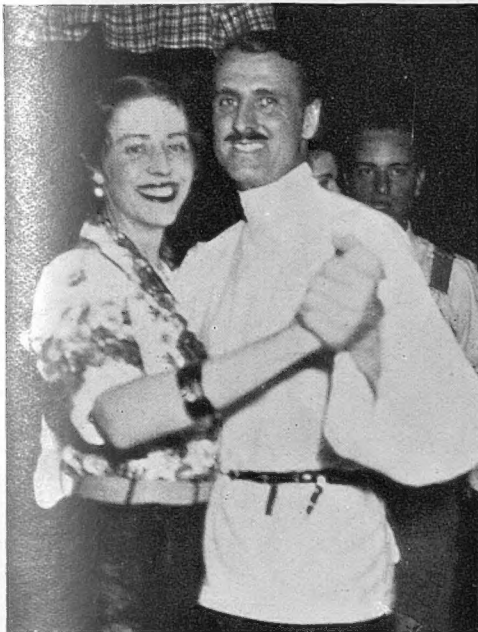
MRS. ALI MACKINTOSH WITH  
MR. LODER GREENAWAY



MISS ELSA MAXWELL, WITH  
BEARD, AND OLIVER MESSEL



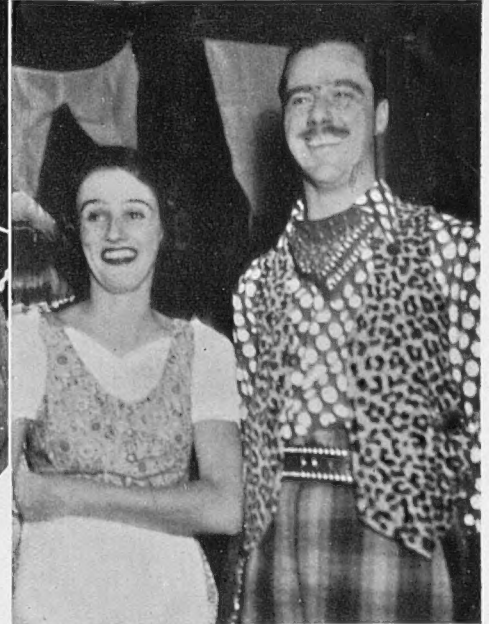
MRS. FRANK STANLEY-CLARKE  
AND MR. TOMMY LEITER



LADY ADARE AND PRINCE  
SERGE OBOLENSKY



MRS. WM. RANDOLPH HEARST, A GUEST OF  
HONOUR, AND MR. "CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER"



MISS CUSHING, FROM BOSTON,  
AND THE HON. "GEORDIE" WARD



MRS. JAMES CORRIGAN, ANOTHER GUEST  
OF HONOUR, AND MR. CONDÉ NAST

Miss Elsa Maxwell's famous "Barnyard Party" has already received the attention of *Punch's* very pointed pen, and no other could really do it justice, though many have tried. Held at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, in honour of Mrs. James Corrigan, Mrs. Randolph Hearst and Mr. Ralph Beaver ("Strassie") Strassburger, the great feature of the frolic—besides the presence of scent-sprayed goats, a donkey, chickens and a model cow yielding champagne—was a pell mell of pigs, rushing to answer the summons of America's leading hog-caller. Was such exquisitely novel an entertainment an attempt to justify Rudyard Kipling's description of a certain New York locality as "Two miles of pig trough"? We shall never know. Among the various farmyard disguises adopted by guests, Miss Elsa Maxwell's made by far the biggest hit. She came as a red-bearded farmer, and was quite unrecognisable. The one and only Oliver Messel wore overalls, a big hat and lots of rhinestone-clips; he labelled himself "Lucius Beebe." Mrs. James Corrigan, Mrs. Randolph Hearst—whose husband is one of the most formidable of Press powers—and Lady Milbanke successfully chose peasant *décor de luxe*. Mrs. Stanley-Clarke (seen holding one of the aforementioned pigs) was *née* St. George. Mr. Condé Nast is the prominent publisher, and Mr. Loder Greenaway (who came well feathered as a rooster) directs the Metropolitan Museum. "Cholly Knickerbocker" is the New York columnist, and no respecter of persons!



LADY MILBANKE DANCING WITH MR.  
CHARLIE SCHWATZ, AMERICAN OWNER





POLA NEGRI AND HERMANN SCHAUFFUSS IN "MAZURKA"

*Mazurka* is produced by Willi Forst, who was responsible for *Unfinished Symphony* and *Maskerade*, both very popular successes. The film is based on a famous Continental trial. Pola Negri, the famous Polish actress, puts up a magnificent performance in the rôle of the mother who commits a "sympathy" murder. The picture will have its première at the Curzon to-morrow, February 4

It is not often that I venture to take a colleague to task. But I was astounded to read in my evening paper the other day the following:

"There was an accidental meeting in London between Ruth Chatterton, the American actress, and G. W. Pabst, the German director, now making films in France. 'How do you do?' said Pabst. 'Would you like to do a film, in English and French, of Josephine?' 'I should love to,' said Miss Chatterton; 'I have a treatment in my bag. I read it on the way over. It would make a grand picture.' Miss Chatterton is in Europe on holiday after giving that remarkable study of a Middle-Western middle-aged seeker after romance in *Dodsworth*. She has to go back to appear in a Broadway play in September, but, before then, she may make a picture on this side of the Atlantic." Mr. Ian Coster then added: "It seemed to me, after listening to her conversation with Pabst, that she may appear as the Empress Josephine." I think that never in all my life have I heard of so ludicrous a *non sequitur*. After reading the above conversation I am convinced that Miss Chatterton will appear as Boadicea, Lady Godiva, or Little Dorrit.

And now to another matter. In a recent article in an American paper called *Fame*, Mr. Bernard Shaw has an amusing passage on the ways of film magnates, who, as we all know, whenever they want to make a picture on a given subject, send not for an accredited author or expert, but for the office boy. We have just had an amusing justification of this in the film at the Tivoli called *O.H.M.S.*, which has been made "with the full co-operation of the War Office." What I want to know is how the War Office came to be let down by being asked to lend its co-operation to a story quite so desperately silly. Who invented this patriotic tale whereon to hand a display of that side of military life which, having nothing whatever to do with war, is held out as an inducement to the youth of this and any other country to come and be killed? Here in cold and sober English is the story set down as I recollect it. Jimmy Tracey, thief, card-sharp and petty gangster, is involved in a row in a gambling saloon in New York's China Town, whereby he is suspected of murder. Leaving his sweetie, who is a cabaret dancer, he sails for England under a false passport, and, landing in this country, is mistaken by a blonde nit-wit for a son of her father's old friend, who, living in Canada, is supposed to have arrived by the same boat. I do not know the port at which the boat arrives, but it appears to be within a short walk of Aldershot, since within ten minutes Tracey and nit-wit are having tea with blonde nit-wit's father, a sergeant-major in the Wessex Regiment, whose dépôt is at Aldershot.

## THE CINEMA

Letting Down the War Office

By JAMES AGATE

At least, the subsequent military exercises take place in that Long Valley, of which I have such painful recollections. Tracey is immediately bundled into the Army, for which his double was intended, and presently we see Tracey undergoing the rigours of army training, which rigours consist in knocking out an elderly pugilist who could not by any stretch of the imagination have been a recruit. In the meantime, Tracey has, of course, fallen in love with B.N.W. (the aforesaid sergeant-major's daughter), who, incidentally, is more or less engaged to Lance-Corporal Bert Dawson, who immediately becomes Tracey's pal. The regiment being ordered to China, there is a farewell concert, at which Tracey sings. One of the turns failing, a dancer from the local music-hall is pressed into service, and this dark nit-wit turns out to be none other than Tracey's ex-sweetie. D.N.W. joins Tracey in a song and dance, after which she immediately becomes furiously jealous of B.N.W., who is not behindhand in casting the necessary aspersions. When the fur

has sufficiently flown, D.N.W. says she will split about the murder. Whereupon, Tracey goes down to the local port and stows away on a boat which, strangely enough, is the troopship carrying his regiment to China. Discovered, he serves a short sentence on board.

Arrived in China, it appears that the Boxers are rising. Presently it also appears that B.N.W., who travelled by the same boat and has now left the troops to join an aunt up river, is in danger of something or other, causing the Wessex Regiment to be despatched to her rescue. Follow frantic scenes of heroism and banditry taking place amid scenery remarkably like Thames Ditton, but dotted with bridges and pagodas looking as though they had been bought at a Christmas toy shop. The British Consulate at Fu-Po, though gallantly held by Messrs. Frederick Lester and Lawrence Anderson, is now stormed. It would fall but for the fact that Tracey has picked up sufficient knowledge of Chinese in his gaming saloon to swim a river with a machine-gun in his teeth, and afterwards make his way through the serried ranks of Chinese, who, owing to his aforesaid grasp of the language, take him to be one of themselves.

He arrives at the Consulate in time to stop a bullet which would otherwise have killed Bert tenderly embracing B.N.W. The next shot shows Tracey dying to the strain of "Lights Out," though it is bang in the middle of the afternoon. The last and final shot shows Bert again embracing B.N.W. in front of Buckingham Palace, but ordered by the sergeant-major to break away and salute the now passing Colours.

What, in the meantime, has happened to the double who arrived from Canada and was not met by B.N.W.? We never hear of him, though I suspect he was in the picture disguised as the leader of the Chinese Boxers. This deplorable rubbish has been set out in full panoply of pomp and circumstance. The War Office has done its part with great zeal and efficiency, and it is an enormous pity that this loyal co-operation should not have been used to further a better story.

Why on earth did Gaumont-British hand the scheme for this picture to the office boy and tell him to get on with it? Why did it not engage some reasonably efficient inventor of stirring stories? I could name half a dozen authors who would have done the job well.

Why not have approached Mr. C. S. Forester, who would have done it brilliantly? Why not, in short, apologise to the War Office, who have done their part of the business unimaginably well?



## MARRIED AT THE GUARDS' CHAPEL



MR. MERVYN AND LADY VIOLET VERNON, AND (inset) JEAN HILLS, A BRIDESMAID

When Lady Violet Baring was married to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Vernon's son, Mr. Mervyn Vernon, Grenadier Guards, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on Thursday last, the Earl of Cromer gave his daughter away and the Archbishop of Canterbury officiated. It was an exceedingly pretty wedding. The bride was in gold lamé, her grown-up bridesmaids wore red velvet, and her three child attendants—David Myddelton, her cousin, Jean Hills, her niece, and Cosima Bosdari—made an admirable Kate Greenaway effect. Jean Hills, who took this bridesmaid business seriously, is the elder daughter of Lady Rosemary Hills. Major the Hon. J. J. Astor and Lady Violet Astor (the bride's aunt) lent 18, Carlton House Terrace for the reception



# From the Shires and Provinces

## From the Beaufort

Heartiest congratulations to our G.O.M., Sir Audley Neeld, who celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday on Saturday, the 23rd, and it was indeed a fitting occasion when the Hunt moved off from their rendezvous at Salutation Gate and passed Grittleton House on their way to the first draw. There we were greeted by Sir Audley, and one and all offered him their best congratulations. And what a day's sport followed! Quite first-class. The hunt from Cranhill Wood over the best of the country, finishing up on the edge of the hills near Hawkesbury, couldn't have been better fun, and, considering all the rain, the going was not too bad. The rest of the week we had quite fun, and Fred Brown was able to resume hunting on Monday. Alas, the dreaded F. and M. is around the county of Gloucestershire, but, touching wood, we are safe so far. The party spirit for the moment seems to have rather died down, but the tableaux and entertainment at Malmesbury were excellent and well supported. Congratulations to the Misses Luce on a first-class show. Our neighbours, the Avon Vale, are losing their Master, Sir Alfred Slade, at the end of the season. He has hunted the county for four years with great success.

## From the Warwickshire

This has been a real galloping week, though it started none too well at Wroxton with perhaps the wettest, windiest day of a wet and windy season. Lower Lemington provided a contrast, and the fox from Aston Hales ran very fast to Batsford, then doubled back and was marked to ground at Charringworth Chase after a fine hunt of an hour, with a 4½-mile point and 9 miles as hounds ran.

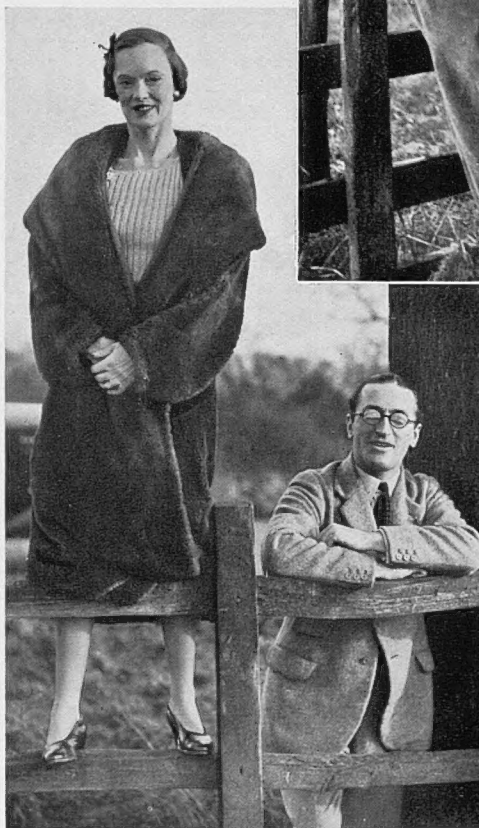
There was a second hunt from Stretton-on-Fosse, and a third from Golden Cross, by which time even the most enthusiastic followers were crying "Hold, enough." George got engulfed in an appalling bottom, but changed on to the Master's horse with a minimum of delay. A blot on the day's proceedings was the loss of Gar's beautiful chestnut through a hopeless over-reach which severed the tendon. Bad luck for the winner of that Household Cavalry Point-to-Point with never a flag or turn, which is still fresh in our memory.

Thursday, after doing our duty by Ufton Wood, reward followed in the shape of a 5-mile point from Sybil's Gorse over a very favourite bit of country. This was enough for the one-horse folk, who had no desire to participate in the last gallop from Compton Verney, where Victor (officially) observed a fox in a tree!

Space forbids any account of another good day on Saturday, or of the most successful ball at Clopton House that evening, which, we hear, achieved its object, viz., the raising of funds for Mr. De Courcy Parry's Hounds, which provide such excellent sport for the dwellers south of the Avon.

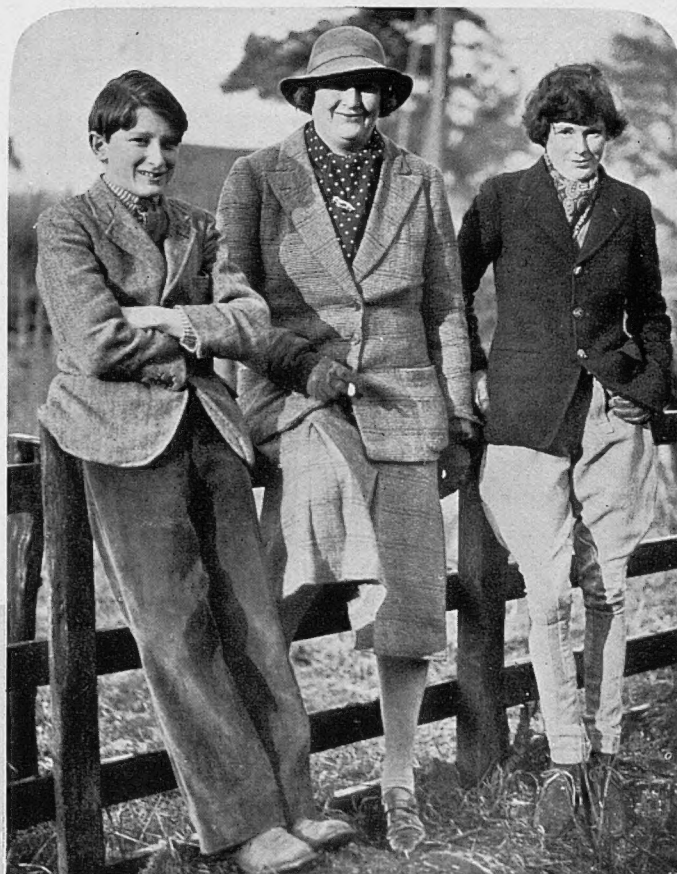
## From the Grafton

At Gayton, on Wednesday, good sport was enjoyed, though not in the best of country, round Tiffeld and Gayton. We much regret the untimely death from pneumonia of Mrs. Brand, of Eydon Hall, a regular follower of the Grafton and Bicester. Consequently the meet on Friday at Moreton Pinkney Manor was cancelled. More people than usual turned up at Abthorpe on Saturday in the pouring rain, and Pope did his best to keep out of the big woods. They were busy



TAKING A LOOK AT THE QUORN

Mrs. Martin Smith, who lives at Pickwell Manor, and Mr. Wilmot Sitwell, at the Shoby Cross Roads meet. The Quorn's best day of the season followed. Ninety minutes from Shoby Scholes via Hoby Vale, Old Dalby Park, Dalby Wood, Nations Gorse, back to Old Dalby Park, and nearly to Ella's Gorse, ended in hounds killing their fox in Willoughby. Later in the day a very fine hunt of an hour and 40 minutes from Charlton's Gorse sent everyone home in the highest fettle



PART OF THE INFANTRY WITH THE COTTESMORE

The Hon. Mrs. Guy Wilson with her son and daughter, Jeremy and Ann, on the day the Cottesmore met at Loddington Village. Colonel the Hon. Guy Wilson is an uncle of the present Lord Nunburnholme and a former 11th Hussar. Mrs. Wilson is a daughter of the late Mr. Geoffrey Fowell Buxton, who was a kinsman of the present baronet, Sir Thomas Buxton

all the morning, and had a very good run from Weedon Bushes in the afternoon. All the earths round Slapton and Abthorpe had been well stopped. We are glad to hear that Jackie has undertaken the duties of hunt secretary for next season, and we are sure he will make an excellent one. The meet on Monday was at our secretary's house, where much hospitality was enjoyed. We repaired, after a long wait, to Ascote Thorns, where, "enfin," a fox was found. He twice broke covert, but was headed both times, eventually being killed in covert after a wait of over an hour. Poor Eve was again concussed; very unlucky so soon after her other disaster. The excellent runs which followed took toll of several enthusiasts, Pam surviving a nasty-looking fall with, happily, no more than a severe shaking. We noticed another of our gallant officers heavily bandaged about the head,

and pink coat scarcely recognisable. The exceedingly heavy going doesn't improve matters.

## From the Heythrop

With the exception of Monday at Merrimouth, which was a wash-out in every sense of the word, it has been a good week of sport. The country is sopping wet, and the going everywhere has more or less gone. Wednesday, the 20th, at Great Tew, was definitely a good day. The chatelaine of Nether Worton took a toss dangerously near home, but it was the type of fall that can be definitely described as a "sitter." It was rumoured that the ex-amateur and Society

(Continued on p. xi)



## NEWS FROM THE

## HUNTING FIELD



WITH THE QUORN AT THIMBLE HALL: MISS SUSAN HEATHCOTE



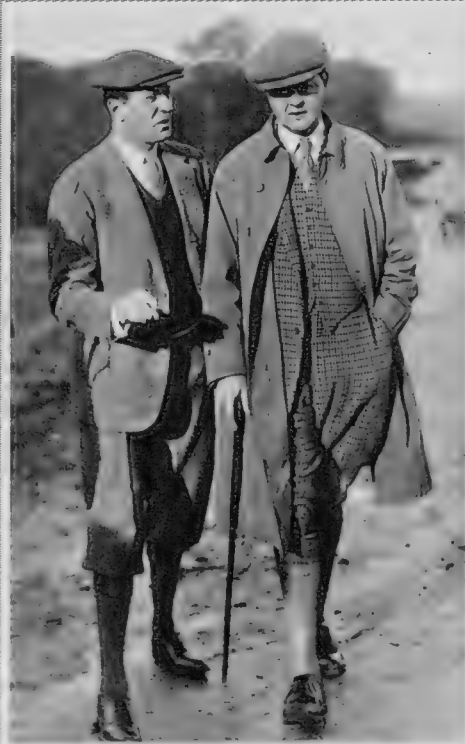
WHEN THE PYTCHLEY MET AT GUILSBOROUGH: LORD NORTHAMPTON AND LADY FREDERICK



GENERAL GEORGE PAYNTER KEEPING DRY AT GRANBY



AT A MEATH MEET: LADY FINGALL (CENTRE) AND CAPTAIN AND MRS. ROBERT ARKWRIGHT



MR. DE TRAFFORD AND THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AT BLENHEIM



GWEN MAY AND NANCY BROWN, STARS OF PANTOMIME, GREET THE QUORN HOUNDS

Poole, Dublin

The hunting news-reel found here deals with five different occasions. The Quorn's Thimble Hall day was an outstandingly good one, finishing with a capital 80 minutes from Botany Bay. Among numerous pedestrians on view at the meet were Miss Susan Heathcote, and two bright lights of "Sleeping Beauty," the Leicester pantomime. Miss Gwen May plays the name part in this good show, and Miss Nancy Brown is Principal Boy. At Guilsborough the camera victimised Lady Frederick and Lord Northampton. Lady Frederick's husband, Sir Charles Frederick, was Master of the Pytchley for two seasons, and his pen is apt on sporting matters. "Scores of good fellows hang out in the shire": Brigadier-General George Paynter, is certainly one of them. He was photographed at a Belvoir meet on a pouring wet morning. Lady Fingall and Captain and Mrs. Robert Arkwright were at the Meath meet at Corbalton Hall, Col. the Hon. Edward Corbally-Stourton's home near Tara. Captain Arkwright, is in the 12th Lancers. The Duke of Marlborough appears to have given up the hunting game since he left Lowesby for Blenheim Palace. This picture was taken when he was at home to the Heythrop fairly recently





Swaebe

THE COUNTESS SERGE ORLOFF DAVIDOFF AND HER DAUGHTER, PATIANA

The Countess Serge Orloff Davidoff is the second of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden's five daughters, and before her marriage in 1935 was the Hon. Elizabeth Scott-Ellis. Patiana, the smiling lady in the above picture, arrived last year and faced the camera for probably the first time at her fond parents' house in St. John's Wood

Spivs and Swag-Women.

**A**N innate refinement is a beautifully natural quality, but a cultured—especially a super-cultured—refinement is, among deadly things, as deadly as almost anything. You see and hear it in the theatre, on the films, in everyday life, and over the wireless. So soon as it opens its mouth, so soon as it strikes its attitude of virginal smirk, Life—and by Life I mean vitality and every emotional and mental significance—goes immediately to sleep. It is like being at some awful tea-party at some awful vicarage where some awful people are seeking to prove deliberately what Perfect Ladies and Gentlemen they are! After a dose of this super-Surbiton "refaynement" the country dialect of a farm labourer, the downright expressiveness of a Cockney working-man is as a taste of plain, solid food in the middle of a repast of sweet jellies and blanc-mange.

The other evening, as I was sitting watching the current show at the Victoria Palace, I listened to a perfect example of this "refayned" twittering which is supposed to pass for synthetic good manners. A society woman was evidently entertaining a few school-girls fresh from a most expensive finishing school abroad. Their conversation, which dragged more painfully than the end of a long sermon delivered by a clergyman with nothing to say and an inability to know when to stop saying it, consisted entirely of bored questions followed by bored answers. The topic was solely of who was coming "out" and when. I know now that Evadne is to be "presented"

# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

this year; that Doris won't be "out" until the year after, as her mother wishes her to spend another term in Munich; that Sally, Gladys, Deirdre and José will all be Coronation débutantes, and that Joan is expected to be the most important of that same year! At which remark one is presumably expected to laugh, as if one had suddenly uttered a witticism! As I listened, I thought to myself how much more entertaining it would have been had a working-class mother and her daughters been sitting in the row behind. Their language might not have been so very choice, but it would have exuded a vitality which would at least have been enlivening, and however silly might have been their remarks, they wouldn't have been uttered so sillily or with such synthetic, sugary inflections.

And thus I found far more human interest and excitement in such a book as John Worby's *Life, "The Other Half"* (Dent; 8s. 6d.), than in a dozen reminiscences of Edwardian society or any "Mayfair" recollections. And yet John Worby has been most of his life a tramp, and even now, one is told, we may see him entertaining a theatre-queue. Truthfully, he doesn't appear to want other kind of work. For his years have been lived where life is very raw, and his companions have been gangsters and mugs, hoboes, buskers, molls, swag-women, spivs, bums, and other tramps. The meaning of all these strange titles may be found in the glossary, but in case you don't know what a spiv may be—and the author calls himself one—he is a "man who gets a good living by his wits without working." Not, however, that the title really seems to apply either to him or to his confederates. They work hard enough, only it is not wage-earning work. It consists almost entirely of seeking out Mugs, of which the world possesses an incalculable variety, and playing successfully on whatever may be their special form of "mugginess." And, believe me, after you have read this most unusual and interesting book, you will agree that it isn't always easy. Not nearly so easy as pushing a pen or tapping a typewriter or driving a car. But it does sharpen the wits, and the sharper the wits the better the reward—though the strictly conventional may shake their heads more vigorously than ever.

Worby was a "home" child—that is, a child sent by some charitable institution to be brought up in a working-class home. So soon as he had left the very childish stage, however, he is brought back to the institute which was for ever looming over him. In his case, the contrast between a happy home life and the life of an institution brought out his worst qualities. Everywhere he went he was the main "thorn" in the side of authority. In Canada, where he was eventually sent, he escaped institutional jurisdiction, managed to smuggle himself into the United States; after which his strange adventures really begin. He becomes a hobo of the road and city; he gets into trouble with the police and is deported back to England. He sings in the street, he becomes a tramp, he falls in with a London prostitute who "mothers" him but refuses him other satisfaction. He sleeps in the public parks, which, however, seem to be more cleanly and comfortable than the charitable shelters which he samples; he is nearly implicated in a smash-and-grab raid, and we leave him making his escape from a rich girl who dresses him up and makes him her lover, and whom he cures of drug-taking. But this is merely an outline of his experiences. Experiences which take us vividly into the underworld of London and New York, and show us not only how the

(Continued on page 196)



Russell

MR. IVAR COLQUHOUN: A COMING-OF-AGE PICTURE

Mr. Ivar Colquhoun is the only son of Sir Iain and Lady Colquhoun, and the above portrait was taken at the family stronghold, Ross Dhu, Loch Lomond side, on the important date of his coming-of-age. His father is the seventh Baronet, a Lt.-Colonel, Scots Guards (Reserve of Officers), and an ex-Lord High Commissioner for the Church of Scotland



## BALLOONS AND BONHOMIE IN CALIFORNIA



BETTY FURNESS, CÉSAR ROMERO AND JOAN CRAWFORD AT THE TROCADERO



WHEN DOES THE BALLOON GO UP?  
ANNA STEN



MR. AND MRS. LESLIE FENTON  
(ANN DVORAK)



FRED ASTAIRE AND  
DAVID NIVEN AT  
SANTA ANITA



Hyman Fink  
NATALIE DRAPER AND TOM BROWN

Most of these people were making merry at the Trocadero, which is one of the bright spots where film folk are in the habit of "hitting it up." Attractive Anna Sten is the star of "A Woman Alone" which is among the January general releases. It had its first run at the London Pavilion last year. It is nearly time that we saw "The Gorgeous Hussy," which Joan Crawford made in 1936 with Robert Taylor and James Stewart: in our picture she was with César Romero and Betty Furness whom the camera has seen in company before now. Fred Astaire, whose "Swing Time" with Ginger Rogers is at the Rialto, was watching things at the Santa Anita track with David Niven. Ann Dvorak's most recent appearances have been in "Dr. Socrates," "G-Men" and "Thanks a Million." It will be noticed that Tom Brown's famous schooldays are over



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Other Half live, but the even stranger fact that half the world hasn't the remotest idea of what even the familiar half is like under the conventional skin.

Yet although the story is not told so brilliantly as Mark Benney's "Low Company," of which it is almost a companion volume, it isn't really sordid—not if you accept the world of men and women as it is and not what conventional morality expects it to be. The author's innate decency, in spite of his experiences, is the book's redeeming feature for those who like to keep the "pretty lid" on civilisation. That his experiences could have been other than they turned out to be is a subject for psychologists rather than moralists. Had he been born rich, the author very probably would have been a perpetual traveller. As it was, his temperamental restlessness made him a tramp and a spiv. But whether this temperamental restlessness be a blessing or a curse—and I am inclined to consider it a curse, as the modern world is constituted—it does open out endless possibilities of experience which the conventional never know—and probably don't want to, being as they are by nature. But from the point of view of readable reminiscences, there is usually no comparison. This story of John Worby's Life is—believe it all or not—readable to a degree. But it is certainly a book for "adults only."

#### Back-Stage Story.

Personally, I should always suspect a love which imposed its conditions; unless, of course, they happened to be legal ones. Not so in books, however. And yet books expect us to take love just as seriously! Betty, the heroine of Mr. Geoffrey Clayton's new novel, "Blame It On Betty" (Harrap; 7s. 6d.), made it a condition of marriage that he should use his influence to get her on the stage, which was her ambition. Her father, Colonel Atterby, opposed the idea from every angle. In fact, he came near to apoplexy whenever the subject was mentioned. He was that kind of man. If Betty got on to the stage he would refuse consent to her marriage. The matter assumed even greater importance when Ronald and his future father-in-law made the result the subject of a bet. But, of course, Betty does go on the stage, and perhaps the most original thing in this conventional but quite readable story is that she doesn't, as is too often the way with heroines, become a "star" in a night. In fact, she gets no farther in her ambition than to rehearse chorus-work in a forthcoming musical comedy. After which her irascible father drags her home.

The end, however, is quite satisfactory for everyone concerned. It has been quite a cheerful affair, not to be taken too seriously. The best part of it being the glimpses it gives into theatrical life, of which the author apparently knows a lot, and the fun which he extracts from that curiously unreal back-stage world—unreal, that is, for outsiders.

#### An Even Gayer Story.

Miss Sarah Campion's novel, "Cambridge Blue" (Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.), is another gay story which is as easy to read as a headline. It is wittier than Mr. Clayton's, and the humour is more subtle. But then, perhaps she has a more fruitful background for both wit and humour in a

University. At any rate, you will smile, even when you don't laugh outright, and the professors and their wives, the dons and their wives, and the undergraduates and their perplexing feminine problems are a perpetual joy. In fact, Miss Campion describes the whole, somewhat self-important, social life of a University quite deliciously. Her fun is good, clean fun, and it is more amusing for being so. This novel will pass a few hours of leisure most delightfully.

#### From Arctic Silence to Chelsea Cackle.

The hero of Patrick Brand's new novel, "Somewhere in Silence" (Bles; 7s. 6d.), is a young Yorkshire fisherman. His life takes him to the Arctic Circle, where the splendour of the desolate coasts and the mystic beauty of Icelandic legends inspire him to write a book. His book is written and a publisher accepts it. But instead of returning to his Yorkshire home, he imagines that a literary career has opened in front of him. In fact, he is not the first author to be disillusioned after the success of his first book. Instead of going to Yorkshire, he drifts to Bohemian Chelsea—that deadening kingdom of back-scratching and Lost Causes which nobody wants to find. The usual experiences are his. He starves "romantically" in a garret; he frequents the usual "literary" restaurants and pubs; the usual bawdy, brawling Chelsea-studio parties; he has an affair with a pretty shop-girl. But the end of this affair is sordid.

However, his book is published; it is a success and, as a consequence, he is patronised or sneered at by the artists who had acclaimed him when he was a nonentity. In disillusion and disgust he goes back to the Arctic, where men are he-men and life has a certain crude majesty. The story is very well told, but if there was one thing for me which was unconvincing, it was that I found it difficult to believe that Joe Hammond, the hero, had ever been a fisherman, or was really one of those for whom somewhere in silence was somewhere in heaven—at least, only, peradventure, as a reaction to disillusion; as some people yearn for a lonely island, and then, if their wish be fulfilled, soon get tired of it.

#### More Wisdom by Disillusion.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts's new novel, "Wood-Nymph" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), is another story of wisdom found only after illusion has become disillusion. Minna Rigney, cruelly treated at home, goes to live with and work for Michael Mayford, who lives alone with his ailing mother. In the midst of their happy, peaceful life Kate Tidy returns to her home village after working in a town. She is attracted physically by Michael, even though Sam Tremlett is better cut out to be her lover and husband. However, she marries Michael, but is quickly tired of his quiet, slow-moving mind and ways. By this time, however, Minna has become a woman; so, after much tribulation, happiness eventually comes to each of them. It is a very interesting, dramatic, and often deeply-moving story, and, as Mr. Phillpotts describes it, Minna and Michael's beloved forest becomes a living thing of peace and beauty in the background of the drama.



Hay Wrightson

#### A CHARMING SERBIAN: THE DUCHESS OF LEEDS

The Duchess of Leeds is the daughter of the late Iskender de Malkharzouny, of Serbia; she married the Duke of Leeds in 1933. Though often seen in London they live principally abroad at their houses in Bordighera and Paris



## BALL-DANCING IN TWO COUNTRIES



AT THE BRAY HARRIERS' DANCE, CO. WICKLOW

Names round the table, left to right: Sir Edmond Hodson, Major R. Bridge, Lady Hodson and Sir George Mahon



Photos: Carthew

AND ALSO: MISS P. RIAL, LADY MERIEL BRABAZON,  
COUNT MARKIEVICZ AND MISS BETTY BRABAZON



AT THE STRATFORD HOSPITAL BALL: CAPTAIN  
R. ARKWRIGHT AND MISS ANN ARKWRIGHT



MRS. J. R. MAUDSLEY  
AND MRS. M. ADAMSON,  
ALSO AT STRATFORD



Photos: Arthur Owen

MISS DIANA STARKEY  
AND HER BROTHER

Our greatest hunting-sage has laid it down that "them as does much dancin' won't do much 'untin'," but some people seem to combine the two pastimes fairly successfully, and these pictures display fantastic toers at such widely separated places as Co. Wicklow, where the Bray Harriers had their hunt dance, and the late Mr. William Shakespeare's home town, where the Stratford-on-Avon Hospital Ball was well backed up by Warwickshire hunting-folk when it was held at the Welcombe Hotel. The Bray Harriers' domain in Co. Wicklow is a bit of a teaser to the "foreigner," with its stone-faced banks and ditches and its mostly grass country. Sir Edmond and Lady Hodson, who are in the group at the top, live in Co. Wicklow, but Sir George Mahon's seat is in Galway. Lady Meriel Brabazon, who is in the other Bray group, is Lord and Lady Meath's younger daughter, and Miss Betty Brabazon is her cousin. As to the Warwickshire pictures, Captain and Mrs. Arkwright's daughter, Ann, is a Coronation deb., and Miss Starkey and her brother are the offspring of Colonel and Mrs. "Joe" Starkey, who are both well known with the famous pack. Mrs. Adamson, who is in the centre picture, is the wife of Commander M. Adamson, R.N.





GOLF IN CYPRUS: MAJOR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE  
AND MAJOR-GENERAL SIR COLIN MACKENZIE

A sunny snapshot on the links of the Nicosia Golf Club of which Major Stafford Northcote is the Captain. He is also a leading light of the Cyprus Police Force. Sir Colin Mackenzie is a winter "regular" in Cyprus, a keen golfer and the winner of last year's Nicosia championship. Sir Colin Mackenzie is a former Seaforth Highlander and he had the 61st Division in the Great War

THE certain absence of Christian Watermeyer from the Cambridge University team is a cruel blow to an aspiring golfer; but the victim will forgive me, I am sure, for paying him the somewhat backhanded compliment of saying that it will make a much better show of the University match in March. It has to a certain extent disorganised the Cambridge side, but has brought them much nearer to the standard of their opponents. Oxford, on the other hand, appear to show a distinct improvement, so it seems that we may get a good run for our money at Prince's after all. If the match had been played in the first week of the season, the odds on Cambridge would have rendered betting impossible.

I still think Cambridge will win—and so do they! But they are taking no chances, and pictures of them are appearing in the newspapers as I write, receiving their mass tuition from the *maestro* at Ashridge. Each of fourteen of them will play at least two rounds with Cotton, and have probably three afternoons with him, during which five of them at a time will have a standing lesson.

I have often been asked whether Cotton is such a good teacher as to justify the long excursion and considerable expense involved in having lessons from him. Frankly, for the better class of player, I think he is. For the beginner, it is no advantage to pay a substantial sum to hear Cotton tell you to keep your head down, when the second assistant to the local professional could tell you the same thing for a tenth of the fee. To the expert player, however, he is an object lesson. Indeed I am inclined to fancy that the way to get the best out of his tuition would be to pay him whatever he asked to stand on the practice ground and hit shots himself for half an hour. There must be a good many people who

## CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

turned up at the last Open Championship who reckon the finest golf lesson they have ever had, free or otherwise, was that of watching Cotton doing his daily practice in the Field before each round. His style is so calm and simple and devoid of frills that it seems almost unfair to play the game that way.

On the other hand, for the undergraduate who has a certain golfing ability but lacks faith in himself, lacks the essential "drive" to push himself, as it were, into the team, I should recommend not Cotton but Compston. The luckless pupil may perhaps be a little taken aback by his teacher's apparent failure to appreciate his initial efforts, but he will soon, if he has any determination in him, be inspired by Compston's infectious will to win. Once the first rude shock has been safely overcome, he will find himself going from strength to strength. Failure is inconceivable, if only from a fear of what the master will say when he next returns to school!

But to return to the University teams. Both have now played their first match of the Lent term: Cambridge beating Royal Mid-Surrey by 10 and 8, and Oxford losing by 6—7 at Woking. The two club teams, neither as formidable as in their palmiest days, seemed roughly of equal strength, and I should think that the results of these two matches represent pretty accurately the difference between the two Universities.

At Mid-Surrey, R. B. Boulter was beaten at last, for the first time in a representative match. His conqueror was A. D. Baxter, who toured Australia and New Zealand with the M.C.C. team last year. I have not, I am afraid,

had the pleasure of watching Baxter play, but I am informed by colleague Robertson-Glasgow, who is qualified to be heard with respect on the subject of both games, that he is extremely long, though liable, in the picturesque American parlance, to "spray" them a bit. His handicap is a "dangerous two" and he is regarded as a sound putter.

Another of the strugglers for a place in the Cambridge side, with whose golf I was intrigued the moment I first saw it, is R. O. Booth, who, like Lucas, Langley, and Carter, the first three members of the team, is a product of Stowe. He is one of the very few amateurs who has Cotton's air of standing quite still on his feet and delivering the blow with his hands and arms, the rest of the body following in harmony. He seems to have all the makings of a successful golfer. Whether he secures one of the two remaining places this year depends on whether he can apply the necessary polish in time.

Leaving the Universities for the broader spheres of golf, I notice that next year's Amateur Championship is to be played at Troon.

Does this mean, I wonder, that the principle of the "championship rota" will at last be abolished? In fifty-two years the Championship has only twice strayed from the sacred circuit of St. Andrews, Hoylake, Prestwick, Sandwich, Muirfield and Westward Ho! In 1923 it was held at Deal, and in 1935 at Royal Lytham and St. Anne's. We may take it, of course, that it will be many, many years before either Championship is held anywhere but at the seaside; but once the principle of confining these meetings to a few selected courses is abandoned, it will open up a whole wealth of possibilities in the shape of fresh greens and courses new.

Troon, of course, is by no means new to Championship golf.



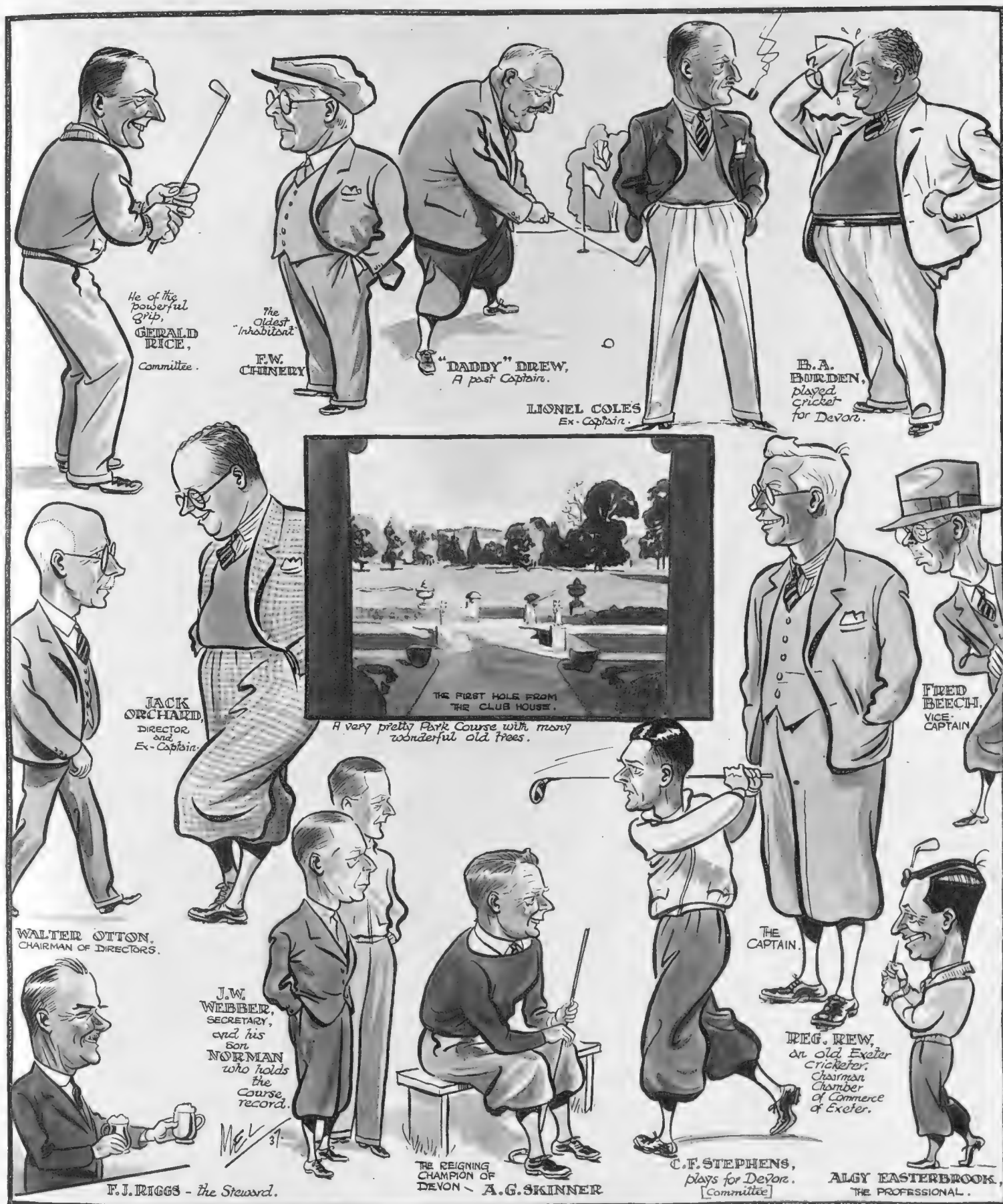
Stuart

### A CONVERT? C. GRIEVE TAKES TO GOLF

C. Grieve (Ampleforth and Christ Church) is a Rugger Blue and Scottish International, but this season he has turned to golf and beat Sir H. D. Gillies in the first match of the season, against Woking. Mr. Grieve captained Ampleforth at cricket, and has represented Oxford as a bowler on several occasions



# GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



## THE EXETER GOLF CLUB-BY "MEL"

Although the present course of the Exeter Golf Club is a modern development, the Club itself was founded as long ago as 1895. For more than thirty years its members kept to their original nine-hole course on the top of Pennsylvania, but the old course was quite inadequate to the needs of Exeter golfers. A site for an eighteen-hole course was acquired on the Wear House estate, and the official opening of the new course took place in May, 1929. The course, constructed by Mr. John R. Stutt, of Paisley, to the design of James Braid, lies just over two miles to the south of Exeter on the Exmouth Road. The old mansion house, which has been converted into a handsome clubhouse, was the former seat of the Duckworth-King family, the descendants of that Admiral Duckworth who, in 1807, performed the feat of the successful passage of the Dardanelles in the face of hostile fire. The club has about 460 members

(NEXT WEEK: FINCHLEY GOLF CLUB)

## AT OADBY FOR THE LEICESTER JANUARY MEETING



MISS NICHOLSON, H. NICHOLSON'S  
SISTER, WITH MR. PETER VAUX



MRS. HARTIGAN GIBBS, MR. FALKE  
AND MR. MURLESS WERE IN HEART



MRS. "BILL" POWER AND CAPTAIN  
H. ALLISON CONSIDER THE ENTRY



MRS. H. ATHERTON BROWN AND HER DAUGHTER,  
MISS CYNTHIA ATHERTON BROWN



AFTER WINNING THE QUORN  
'CHASE FOR AMATEUR RIDERS:  
MR. PETER VAUX



MAJOR STIRLING AND MRS. JOHN VAUGHAN  
RETURNING TO THE MEMBERS' STAND

There was a distinct hint of spring in the air when Leicester's January Meeting opened. It is almost unnecessary to add that the going was desperately heavy at Oadby, constant delugings having made such a state of affairs distressingly prevalent of late. Captain Allison, who officiates as starter under both racing codes, had a field of 14 to contend with in the Blaby 'Chase. The American-bred Cakewalker was expected to win again, but the holding conditions proved much more to the liking of And How. In a field of fifteen, Bloater completely beat the book in the Leicestershire Hurdle, winning for a new owner, Mr. D. G. Young. He first won as a two-year-old and has been racing and winning since 1932. The Quorn 'Chase for amateur riders brought Mr. Peter Vaux's very capable jockeyship into prominence again. He had the mount on Mrs. M. Wilson's Fearless, winning by 8 lengths from Frankie with Santa Luz filling third place. Mr. Peter Vaux began his race-riding at Cottenham; he is now within sight of losing his allowance. Mrs. Harry Atherton Brown's husband, the famous trainer, has charge of one of two of the King's horses, at Grendon. Melton and the Meynell country respectively contributed Mrs. John Vaughan and Mrs. "Bill" Power to the Leicester Meeting





Antony Roger, Orchard Street

### MRS. HARRY ROY, PRINCESS PEARL OF SARAWAK

The news of the moment is that the Princess Pearl is making a serious career of film-acting and not merely "going on the films" to see whether she likes it or not. She has already completed two films and is on the road to making another one, which is said to have started work during January. Princess Pearl's second film, not yet released, is entitled "Olympic Honeymoon," and her opposite number is that amusing creature, Claude Hulbert. He is also her sparring partner in the third film. After this a West End production is spoken about. There are three daughters of the Rajah and Ranee of Sarawak, Sir Charles and the Hon. Lady Vyner Brooke, and their "family" names are Gold, the present Lady Incheape, Pearl (Mrs. Harry Roy), and Diamond, whose baptismal name is Valerie. The Ranee of Sarawak is the former Hon. Sylvia Brett

## THE CAMERA AT THE

## HURSLEY HUNT BALL



MR. AND MRS. FRANK HARTIGAN AND MISS MOLLY HARTIGAN



MISS PAMELA PIGOTT AND SIR FREDERICK G. L. COATES



MRS. HUMPHREY SYKES AND SIR JOHN BUCHANAN-JARDINE, M.F.H.



MR. STEPHEN PLAYER, MRS. EDGAR BARKER, MR. NIGEL BAKER AND MISS D. HASTINGS



CHARLES JAMES, THE HURSLEY HUNTSMAN (RIGHT) AND JACK BECK, FIRST WHIP, WITH MISS TRAVERS AND CAPTAIN HORTON



MR. HERBERT JOHNSON TALKING TO THE HUNT SEC., LT.-COMM. W. F. G. NORTH, R.N.

Norman Court, near Salisbury, was where the Hursley held their Hunt Ball, by the courtesy of Mrs. Washington Singer, mother of the Hursley Master, Mr. Grant Singer. No fewer than nineteen guests were staying in the house for it. They included the Hastings sisters, Mr. Nigel Baker, Mr. Stephen Player, and Mrs. Washington Singer's son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Barker. Mr. Edgar Barker's brother, Captain George Barker, is Joint-Master and Huntsman, of the Badsworth, and Charles James (there's lots in a name!) was his first whip and K.H. before coming as Huntsman to the Hursley. Mr. Herbert Johnson, of March Court, Stockbridge, is a former Hursley Master. Mr. Frank Hartigan, the Weyhill trainer, and Sir John Buchanan-Jardine, Master of the Dumfriesshire and a leading owner, are personalities known to most people who go racing. Sir Frederick Coates, Tank Corps, comes from County Antrim



MISS MOLLY BISHOP AND MR. A. WARRE

Photos: Swabe



## CELEBRITIES IN THE SNOW



MRS. PETER DU CANE AND HER SISTER,  
MISS MARYE POLE-CAREW, AT ST. MORITZ



M. AND MME. TITULESCU AT THE  
SUVRETTA HOUSE



LADY HADDINGTON AND LADY KNOLLYS  
AT THE CORVIGLIA CLUB



MRS. DOUGLAS GORDON AND HER  
SON, DOUGLAS



THE VICOMTE DE LECHE AND MME. GRIPENBERG



COUNT VON DVARKOVITCH AND PRINCESS  
CHRISTIAN OF HESSE

(ON RIGHT) PRINCE  
MAXIMILIAN VON  
WINDISCH - GRAETZ,  
MISS ANN BORRER,  
MISS JOAN JOHNSON,  
MISS DORIS FRIED-  
RICH AND LORD  
TOWNSHEND



With the snow at its absolute best at this time of year, the one which the crack ski-runner deems the peak of its perfection, it is hardly to be wondered that St. Moritz and all the other star spots are very fully populated. All these pictures are from St. Moritz and Corviglia, just above it. Mrs. Peter du Cane and her sister are the daughters of Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew and the late Sir Reginald Pole-Carew—"Polly Carey" to his very decorative generation. M. Titulescu, the famous Rumanian statesman, finds the mountain air the best of medicines after his recent illness. Lady Haddington, seen with Lady Knollys, being a Canadian, knows all about snow. Mrs. Douglas Gordon's son has just joined the 2nd Battalion the Black Watch. Mme. Gripenberg is the wife of the Finnish Minister to London, and Princess Christian of Hesse is the former Miss Elizabeth Reid Rogers. The other group was taken at Klosters. Prince Maximilian von Windisch-Graetz now lives in Jugoslavia.

## ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

Following  
in Hawtrey's  
Footsteps

By  
ALAN BOTT



FATHERHOOD WHILE YOU WAIT: ELSPETH DUXBURY, NORA SWINBURNE, DAVID MARKHAM, BASIL RADFORD, MACKENZIE WARD

BESIDE a portrait of the handsome young manager who "presents" the play now at the Duke of York's Theatre, a programme-note relates his career. It is a nicely graduated record: Mr. David Shenstone began with a concert party; continued as an actor in repertory and under the Cochran banner; turned aside to manage in Birmingham for Mr. Barry Jackson; launched his own repertory company in a middling town, and made it pay; trod softly to London in partnership with an actor-manager; and stays there as sole "presenter" of *The Astonished Ostrich*. After that, who would not wish well to a man who has thus learned his job from the ground up? In all except one thing, he has given an expert start to the declared ambition "to control a West End theatre for a policy of running comedies." Here is a genuinely comic comedy, inexpensive in the sense that it needs five people only and no change of scenery. The cast is well chosen, the production well timed. But how can our young expert of the theatre, after fitting a good enough comedy with a good enough cast, have permitted the use of one of the worst titles in theatrical history? As words, "*The Astonished Ostrich*" are neither lovely to look at nor easy to hear. The limping row of sibilants is not only difficult to remember—it bears but a strained relation to anything in the play. Titles mean (or fail to mean) a lot when casual seats are about to be bought for this show or that.

Meanwhile, the situations in this piece by A. N. Menzies are deft enough to absolve it from the need to be modern or particularly original. Either of the two best parts, indeed, would have been a "natural" for Charles Hawtrey. One is a middle-aged playwright, intermittent lover of a tantalising actress, and now faced suddenly with fatherhood, deriving from an episode eighteen years earlier, when he was young, the family governess was beautiful, and father was furious.

Basil Radford avoids exaggeration in his comic portrait of a bachelor progressively bitten by the idea of owning a son. He tones down any suggestion of farce; and at the time it seems plausible, as well as hilarious and mildly pathetic, that he should thus yearn, buy bogus school-trophies by the dozen in order to impress the youth, and sit down to write a dramatic opus on fatherhood.

The second Hawtreyesque rôle is that of the playwright's gentleman's gentleman, one in the long line of slick, theatrical servants who are friends and confidants of their masters but with whom no tobaccoist's daughter is safe. As good-looking footman he married the governess soon after the son of the house left home; and soon after that he left her to sow a few oats, being rather upset when arithmetic showed that his was not the responsibility for the child about to be offered him. So there is now lots of fun with his embarrassment in announcing, as butler, his own wife and stepson, and in his anxiety over, and sensibility to, the warm regard in which the lady still holds him. Mackenzie Ward, following as to manner in the greatly suave footsteps, seems to be the latest candidate for succession as the Hawtrey *de nos jours*. It is an engaging and all but brilliant performance; though the smoothness is ruffled by a touch of overdone mannerism, a self-consciousness that here is rich "character."

Nora Swinburne, as bachelor's mistress, does exactly what one has learned to expect from her; she helps the comedy with perfect timing and infectious vitality, but continues to use a monotonous trick of raising the cadence of her voice at the end of every line. David Markham deserves the willing applause for his portrait of a youthful youth primed with charm and calf-philosophy. Elspeth Duxbury rounds off the team-work of a cast that enables *The Astonished Ostrich* rank with *French Without Tears* as a current comedy worth anybody's coronation money.



## Lord Peter, Plus Bride

With Lord Peter Wimsey around, you can always be sure of the following—an unusual corpse, suspects and superintendents with quirks, an airy questing after means and motive, some pleasant chitter-chatter, much ado about the classics, and an explosive solution for which logic fires the fuse. From his monocle to his Crichtonian valet, Wimsey of Balliol (cricket, criminology and wine-lore), the only full-sized successor to serial characters like Sherlock, Raffles, Don Q. and Stingaree, belongs as much to his readers as to his creator. Some of them hold that Dorothy L. Sayers has now taken too big a liberty in fitting him with a wife, so that he must be adorer as well as detective and filibert.

Still, Lord Peter's bride has brought opportunity for a corpse on honeymoon, and it is Bunter the valet who finds it in the cellar. Among the suspects in this *Busman's Honeymoon*, at the Comedy, are parson who shoots the soot from a blocked chimney and brings down a sinister chain; a left-handed policeman who seems to lie; a Miss Twitterton who twitters; and a lusty gardener to whom this spinster is marriageable when she brings money but a skinny old hen when she has none. The police superintendent matches Wimsey of Balliol himself in quoting from Carlyle, Pope, Bacon, Dickens, *undsoweiter*. As for the new wife, Harriet Wimsey (*née* Vane), she is at any rate sympathetic: she slows down the machinery of thrilling now and then, but there is compensation in seeing Lord Peter kneel to his lady while spouting the poetry of John Donne. And as for the startling solution, you may guess that a certain curious item of flora has something to do with the murder, but certainly you will not guess the Jabberwockian trick by means of which the unsuspecting murderer's hash is to be settled—

Beware the spikeleaf, my son,  
The links that swing, the swing to kill;  
Beware the Reithstrument, and shun  
The whimsy curtainthrill.

Perhaps because I have liked him so long, I prefer Lord Peter to stay within covers. Still, Dennis Arundell keeps him lively, and brings him nearly to life-size. Veronica Turleigh is deft in "feeding" him, and achieves all that can be achieved with the bride's dim rôle. Christine Silver gets admirably agitated; Barrie Livesey is well inside the potent gardener's skin; David Hawthorne does well as the literary police-superintendent, and so do Nellie Bowman and Roger Maxwellaschawbacons. Forme, alas, the Bunter did not come to life, except during a few moments of anguish over some ruined port.

MAURICE DENHAM,  
DAVID HAWTHORNE,  
CHRISTINE SILVER,  
VERONICA TURLEIGH.





# Priscilla in Paris



Manasse

## TAP, TAP, WHO'S HERE?

Meet Anny André, Austria's champion tap-dancer. She has gone one better than the best German, Hungarian, Italian, French, and Rumanian exponents in international contests, and both types of tap-dancing, the buck and the schottische, come alike to her twinkling feet

**T**RÈS CHER,—The various Anglo-French rejoicings, hob-nobbings and what-nots that have recently taken place in this city remind me of the good old *entente cordiale* days of long ago! Nothing makes me purr more happily than when my French friends tell me all the fine things they think about my English friends, and you can compare my purring to the *roulades* of a coloratura soprano when my English friends—as they have done, very generously, during the past week—return the compliment. Your own special brand of daily rag will have told you all about the white-tie-and-decorations side of all these functions; therefore, repetition being entirely bore-some, please count me out when it comes to writing about functions, even with a big "F." Exception proving the rule, however, I am quite willing to say that I have never seen so many beautiful women and lovely frocks as there were this year at the annual banquet of the British Chamber of Commerce, and this means a lot, since it is usually what I have heard described as a woolly-shawl and moth-ball gathering. I met a good many of these frocks and their wearers later in the evening on the other side of the river, half-way up a certain hill, at various places where speech-making was not, and music and laughter were!

It is quite a while since I went to the old, now-modernised Bal Tabarin, but the other evening some of my English friends insisted on "making the round" of the *boîtes de*

*nuît*, and the Tabarin is as good a starting-off point as any. Besides, the show really isn't bad. The revue consists of a series of tableaux, designed by Paul Colin, in which a whole lot of pretty and clever wenches appear. There is an adorable little Chinese lady, Miss Ming Si Chu, who is an old-ivory statuette come to life. There is Nathalie Nynx, an American tap-dancer whose amusing little face is a cross between that of a Pekingese and a Belgian griffon, and who is such a lovely mover that I can almost forgive her for specialising in the most boring and monotonous form of dance ever invented by hysterical negroes. There is also young Jacqueline Mignac, whose portrait appeared on this page a little while ago. She is seventeen, or perhaps even a mature eighteen. Hair the colour of pale honey. Perfect teeth that look as if they munch their half-dozen apples a day, and a body, adorned with a couple of flowers and a diamond clasp that has nothing to fasten, that is quite breath-takingly beautiful. She dances with a nonchalant grace that is positively *émouvant* (I shall be eternally grateful to anybody who will tell me the English equivalent to that very useful word), and entirely ignores the gaping spectators who surround the dancing floor. Heaven knows that I don't usually fall for *les danseuses nues*, but this child is so enchantingly unconscious of being nude that she is like a lovely little animal. The Tabarin without the "French cancan" would not be the Tabarin, so cancan there is, performed by an attractive quadrille of girls. I have a weakness for this number. I love its gay and brazen effrontery, the happy lilt of the music, and, of its kind, is there anything in the world more effective than a black silk stocking on a well-shaped leg?

From Tabarin to "O'Dett's" is round-the-corner-and-up-the-rue-Pigalle, while one leaves one of the boy friends to collect one's car. I never go there without indulging in half a minute's silence to the memory of the "Abbaye de Thélème" of the dear, dull days before the war, when Gilbert Frankau, in "One of Us," celebrated that then-famous night-haunt in verse. O'Dett has turned the place into a bear-garden where one need not "dress" (imagine "not dressing" to go to the old "Abbaye"!), but he puts on a good show headed by Lyne Clevers and Pierre Dac, and one can always retire to the cloak-room or put cotton-wool in one's ears when O'Dett himself performs, unless one is amused by the sort of filth that composes his repertory, as I certainly am not.

Next stop: a few yards further down the rue Pigalle, at the corner of the rue Victor Massé, where Henry—late of the *Croix du Sud*—has opened a new little, pink-hued, smoke-hazed cabaret. Roses, roses everywhere and all you like to drink. The scent of roses and tobacco combine rather pleasantly, so that one does not mind the confined quarters. Here also is the inevitable American tap-dancer, and this time the name is Juliet Bridgman. There is also a remarkable Viennese singer, Liliane Salvi, an excellent orchestra, and the best dance floor that I have come across in quite a while. Not that I used the latter much; I was far too interested in the *scène de ménage* that took place at the next table between Monsieur and Madame, who were evidently cinema fans. Monsieur was feeling vindictive

because Madame had taken him to see *Romeo and Juliet*. His contention was that he could not bear to see Shakespeare murdered to make a cameraman's holiday. Madame upheld Leslie Howard's murdering, to which Monsieur, who evidently knows his Kipling as well as his *grand Will*, replied: "Oh, have him go poultice his long nose!", which so delighted me that I'm chuckling still.

PRISCILLA.



## A PRINCESS IN SWITZERLAND

La Princesse Etienne de Croy and her school-boy son, Philippe, at Villars. The de Croy family, which originated in Picardy at the time of the Crusades, is mediatized. The present head of the family, the thirteenth Duc de Croy, is a German citizen; other members are of French and Belgian nationality. Princesse Etienne is a daughter of the Marquis de Pomereu





William Davis

#### TO MAKE A FILM IN ENGLAND: LILLIAN HARVEY

Lillian Harvey, the charming British star with the wide linguistic accomplishments, returned to this country recently. She is to make a picture for Reunion Films, but the production is as yet in so early a stage of its history that nothing more can be said than that it will be a picture of high dramatic quality and that Miss Harvey will play a "straight part." This means that we shall have full opportunity to see and to admire her talents as an actress. Up to now much of her work has been done for Continental companies as well as in Hollywood, and she will be warmly welcomed in a new British production. Her first appearance in a British talkie was in *Invitation to The Waltz*.



## IN THE BAHAMAS



COMMANDER AND THE HON. MRS.  
E. EDMONSTONE AT NASSAU



H.E. THE GOVERNOR, MISS DIANA FISHWICK,  
AND THE HON. PERCY THELLUSSON



MR. AND MRS. "TITO" WESSEL WERE AT  
NASSAU BEFORE PROCEEDING TO SANTIAGO



DR. CHARLES DOLLY  
AND LADY CLIFFORD



MISS AMBER ORR-WILSON, WHO HAS HER YACHT  
"SANTA CRUZ" IN THE WEST INDIES THIS  
WINTER, OUT AFTER CRAWFISH OFF CAT CAY  
WITH THE VICOMDE DI ALMOSADO



MR. LOUIS B. WASEY AT HIS  
ISLAND HOME IN CAT CAY

Who wouldn't winter in the Bahamas if chance offered? This delectable group of West Indian Islands, of which Captain the Hon. Sir Bede Clifford is Governor, has more and more visitors each year. Commander Edward Edmonstone and his bride, Lord and Lady Kilmaine's only daughter, included Nassau, New Providence, in their honeymoon itinerary, and have been staying at Government House, where Lord Rendlesham's brother, the Hon. Percy Thellusson, was a fellow guest. Sir Bede and Lady Clifford have also been entertaining golf-famous Miss Diana Fishwick, who had the fun of travelling out to the Bahamas with Mr. and Mrs. T. O. M. Sopwith in their yacht "Caroline." Mr. and Mrs. "Tito" Wessel called at Nassau on their way to Santiago de Cuba. Charming Lady Clifford, née Miss Gundry, of Cleveland, Ohio, was photographed at the Porcupine Club, an exclusive American rendezvous on Hog Island. Some distance south-east of New Providence is Cat Cay, or Cat Island. Marlin run large off its shores, and the craw-fishing is excellent, too. Miss Amber Orr-Wilson is very well known in yachting circles





SONJA

By

J. A. M. HAY

(Royal Academy 1936)



## TALLY-O

## A GROVE FOX CROSSES THE

Mr. Jorrocks recommended "ingenuous youth" to endeavour to get a good view of "the warmint" at starting, so that thereby he might acquire a personal interest and ride after him as he would after a thief with his watch. Here is such an occasion. It was early in the present season, the coppery leaves still hanging on the trees put it at November, and the Grove had rattled their fox round covert until he decided it was leaving time. He is slipping across the road on his way out of Gamston Wood; the field are, mercifully, well out of the way and there is no one to check Charles James' progress. The Whip "marking" the road and the gamekeeper with





*From a photograph by Howard Burns*

# OVER!

## ROAD IN GAMSTON WOOD

his bicycle, keen to see "his" fox give good sport, are there alone to view him across—and the camera! This fox did not do much, however, since he ran only a twenty-five minute ring, although fast. He went straight through Eaton Wood, swung left over the L.N.E.R. and the Great North Road and back to Gamston, where they lost him. But in the thrilling moments when a fox has made up his mind to break, there is no knowing whether there may not be in store the "best hunt of the season," and the "Tally-o-over!" as he moves through covert, followed by the "W-o-o-oy" as he goes away, are among the most thrilling sounds on earth!





THE PICNIC by JAMES TISSOT (1836-1902). Tissot was born in Nantes and studied at the Beaux Arts in Paris; but after the Franco-Prussian War he came to live in London. Although long neglected, his spirited paintings are now extraordinarily interesting as a record of social life in London and Paris during the 'seventies and 'eighties. Ruskin blamed Tissot for his pre-occupation with "Vulgar Society"; and that is the title which James Laver has chosen for his illustrated monograph on Tissot, recently published by Constable. This picture is reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery.

LIKE an entomologist unwittingly pinning for posterity familiar specimens soon fated to become extinct, Tissot set down for ever in his paintings these luxurious late-Victorian butterflies, caught in that short-lived heyday which came between two wars. Such elegance! Such languor! Could indolence be more surely captured than in the portrait of the flannelled flâneur in the I.Z. cap? Life in the 'seventies was indeed a picnic . . . but only for a few. We may be sure the servants of these pretty creatures seldom went short of work. Pity, especially, those poor Victorian cooks who never knew an Aga. Endlessly preparing ten gargantuan courses at their black and beetling stoves, they little dreamed of a cooker that would never need re-lighting, nor shrink at the news of six or sixteen extra guests. Unknown to them was Aga's cream and chromium cleanliness, its miraculous economy of fuel and gift of meeting cooks three-quarters of the way. Unheard of, too, by them the Aga boiler, that bountiful provider of hot water for all the house. Let us hope, at least, that heaven above is making up to them for missing the heaven below which Aga now brings to twenty thousand kitchens.

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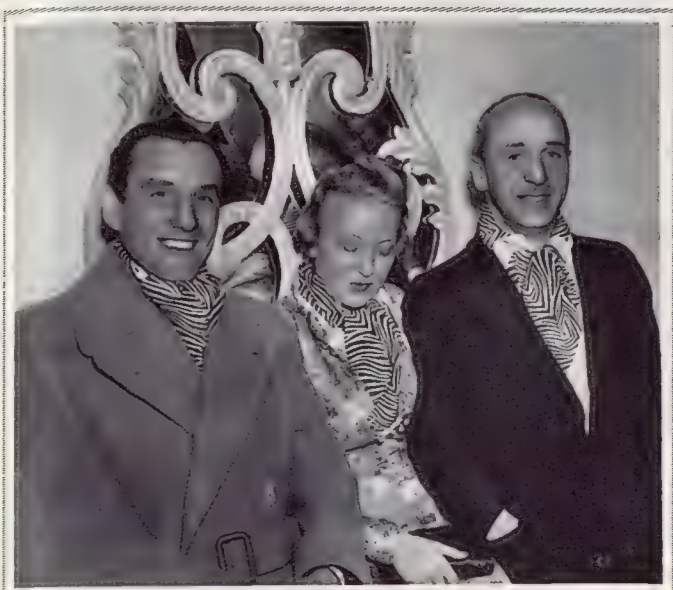
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FRED PERRY, VINES' PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1, AT EL MOROCCO WITH MR. AND MRS. BERTRAM WEAL

# NIGHT TIME IN NEW YORK



TYRONE POWER, JUNIOR, OF FILM FAME, ENJOYS ENTERTAINING SONIA HENJE



LORD WARWICK, ON HOLIDAY FROM HOLLYWOOD, DINES OUT WITH AIR-MINDED MISS MARJORIE GAGE



MORE GOOD-TIMERS AT EL MOROCCO: MR. AND MRS. ERIC LODER AND LADY PHYLLIS ALLEN

Night time in New York means El Morocco as often as not, this famous restaurant having a popularity second to none just now. Fred Perry was to be seen there not so long ago, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Weal, whose guest he was for a few days at the Hotel Madison, New York. This was before he started his series of exhibition tennis battles with Ellsworth Vines, the results of which, at the time of writing, are all square after ten matches. Sonia Henje, ex-world skating champion and now a promising film actress, was at El Morocco with that very good-looking young man Tyrone Power. Another good-looker temporarily escaped from Hollywood was



TWO'S COMPANY FOR MR. AND MRS. R. B. FOSTER

Lord Warwick. His dinner guest, Miss Marjorie Gage, is a rich young American airwoman. Mr. and Mrs. Eric Loder and Lord Lovelace's sister, Lady Phyllis Allen, are seen wearing El Morocco scarves, striped to match the *décor* and favoured by habitués. Mr. Loder's kinsman, Lord Wakehurst, was lately appointed Governor of New South Wales. Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Foster paid a brief visit to New York last month and patronized all the smartest haunts. Before their fairly recent marriage she was Barbara Newberry, the dancer. Mr. "Bob" Foster is a particularly keen golfer; he plays most of his golf at Sunningdale





Douglas Went

## AT A CHILDREN'S MEET AT HENHAM HALL

Henham is Lord Stradbroke's Suffolk seat, and he has been Master of the Henham Harriers since 1888, when he took over from Lord Somerleyton. In the above group are the Hon. Mrs. Keith Rous, a daughter-in-law of Lord and Lady Stradbroke, Mrs. Bracewell, and Lady Charlotte Rous, Lord and Lady Stradbroke's second daughter

IN one of the many kindly notices on the death of poor "Mouse" Tomkinson, I see that one of his most distinguished predecessors in office as manager of the royal racing stable and stud is referred to as "Sir Marcus Beresford." I have always believed that Lord Marcus was as widely known as his brethren, Lord Charles Condor Beresford and Lord William, who kept India in such apple-pie order for a long succession of Viceroys. Apparently, however, the present generation knows not. It is redundant to descant upon the high quality of "Mouse's" horsemanship, or upon the fact that he was, in addition, a very good jockey. He had that priceless gift which is inborn, never really acquired—a fine judgment of pace. This means that you know not only what pace you are going yourself, but what pace all the other chaps are going. A knowledge such as this comes in useful in connection with

of the heap, there may be an individual in it who is. "Rattle" Barrett knew this, and had also settled in his own mind the kind of attack he meant to launch. He knew we wanted a hard-thrusting No. 1 in front of Leslie Cheape, and he believed the "Hindenburg Line" part of the show was safe with himself and Vivian Lockett. What happened is polo history. The whirlwind attack knocked the enemy right off his perch, and he never got back on it. It is the stuff to give 'em, and a still further exemplification of the virtue of getting your blow in first.

"Modern Horsemanship," by Colonel Paul Rodzianko (Seeley, Service and Co., Ltd.), has been handed over to me by our powers that be with the request for a note. I learn that Colonel Rodzianko was formerly in the Chevalier Guards Regiment in Petrograd, and afterwards studied in Italy at their Cavalry School under Captain Caprilli, "the originator of the forward seat." All this is stated in the "information" on the jacket of the book. Some of us, not believing in either the "forward" seat or the "backward" seat, or any other excepting the natural seat, might be inclined to shut this book up without reading further were it not for the fact that you cannot miss reading one sentence about the famous Italian and his methods, and it is this: "This method [Caprilli's] took into account

## Pictures in the Fire

all the affairs of life. We have some extraordinary bad "jockeys" amongst us in these present times; four very glaring cases, whose horses are bound to come it long before the last obstacle. As to polo, I expect a good many people remember the criticisms when "Mouse" Tomkinson was picked as England's No. 1 in 1914. They said he was nothing like class enough. That criticism arose because at that time the Royals were not a first-class polo regiment of the same stamp—that is, as the 10th, 15th, 17th, and K.D.G.'s, Leslie Cheape's unit. But the fact was overlooked that, even if a regiment is not top



## AT PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA: MRS. BELFRAGE, HER DAUGHTER, AND MISS P. BARRIE

Mrs. Belfrage is known to a wide circle of readers as "Molly Castle." Mrs. Belfrage, with her daughter, Sally, was on a visit to Palm Springs from Tujunga, Cal., their film "location" at the moment



## FORTUNINO MATANIA AND MRS. K. PEARCE AT THE BAL DE BEAUTÉ

This festivity was held at the Grosvenor House, and no one better fitted to be there than Fortunino Matania, the famous artist, could possibly be found, for, as the world knows, he is a first-class judge; but he was not judging, worse luck! Mrs. Pearce is also a painter on the decorative side of art. The ball was in aid of the Hospital for Nervous Diseases



SANDOWN ONLOOKERS: LADY LONDESBOROUGH AND MRS. "BOY" WILSON  
Lady Londesborough is Joint-Master of the Blankney with her husband and Mrs. "Boy" Wilson is the wife of one of our most intrepid equestrians with hounds and between the flags



## By "SABRETACHE"



IN CYPRUS: VERA,  
LADY TERRINGTON

Since the above picture was taken Lady Terrington has been back in London, but is returning to Cyprus shortly. Her sister, Mrs. Neff, is wife of Dr. A. Neff, Director of the Cyprus Medical Services



AT SANDOWN: THE MASTER OF GRAY  
AND HIS WIFE

The Master of Gray is a trainer under both codes. He saddled Silver Ann in the Novices' Steeplechase, but she fell. He is the elder son and heir of the Baroness Gray, and married in 1930 Miss Doreen Tubbs

the build and character of the horse and readjusted the seat of the rider accordingly." The "character," of course, does matter, but the build is even more important. All horses are not the same shape, any more than are all men. There are no two horses' mouths exactly the same, any more than there are human "mouths." Some humans have hides like rhinoceroses; some haven't. It is the same with horses' mouths, and you can spoil the one quite as easily as you can spoil the human's nerves. Ham-handedness is the greatest clog on the wheels of progress in all mundane affairs. As to "seats" and the people who have talked so much about them, and at the same time known so little, I have found that whether their pet fancy is "forward" or "backward," they usually end up by acquiring a thundering good sliding seat. This is only of use in a racing shell, and no earthly good on a horse. I am glad to find Colonel Rodzianko so insistent upon "contact," both where hands and seat are concerned. That is so necessary. I have always believed that it is just the same thing as losing touch of the other fellow's blade when you are fencing with him. You cannot feel what he is going to do. It is exactly the same thing with riding a cock-, or other, horse. Some people unfortunately interpret "contact" to mean hanging on by his head. This, of course, has its inevitable end, and the one who pulls hardest wins. Usually it is the horse. I sing in chorus with Colonel Rodzianko when he says:

The average horse is born with a good mouth, but it does not take long to spoil it. Bad handling, mistakes in training and a misunderstanding of the horse's temperament are common faults.

And again when he says: A horseman can ride with any kind of a bit: the trouble comes with a rider who is not up to standard. Then the horse may become a puller or develop a one-sided mouth.

I would only alter one word and say "will" instead of "may." I would also tack on this sentence: "And then you have got to start all over again, with at least an added 10 to 1 on the original odds against success. There are some people who should only be allowed to have hold of the strings when the bridle is round an oak-tree. It is the only thing they could not hope to ruin."



Howard Barrett

IN PUSH-BIKE PURSUIT WITH THE SOUTH NOTTS: MISS NINA SEELY  
AND MRS. TALBOT

Miss Nina Seely and Mrs. Talbot are sisters; their brother, Mr. W. Seely, is Master of the South Notts and carries the horn. The two sedate gentlemen of Highland ancestry might come in useful at any moment, as a good Cairn takes some beating when put to ground after a fox

Of course, much that Rodzianko has to say is very elementary and has been said many times before, but, for the one or two reasons already stated, I have enjoyed reading his book. All the tactless and bull-headed ought to read it. I am sure it will do them good if they know what the word "hands" means. Few do! There is only one real riding-master, "General Experience," and his G.S.O.I., "Colonel Practice." You cannot learn how to play the fiddle from a book of the words. The same thing applies to horseback riding, no matter how good the book may be. There is a great deal in this book that will interest both the beginner and the person who is not a beginner, and the general principles enunciated are excellent; but, as may be usefully repeated, if you knew the whole works of Shakespeare backwards, that would not make you a poet.

(Continued on page X.)



A GROUP FROM FAR-AWAY CALCUTTA

The picture was taken at a dinner-party given by Captain and Mrs. Gaskell Harvey at Napier House, Hastings, Calcutta, before the Viceroy's Ball, one of the gaieties which happen during H.E.'s cold-weather visit to the former capital of India.

In the group are (standing, left to right): Capt. T. E. Longfield, Mr. G. F. Crawley, Major Hefford, Mr. J. Chambers, O.B.E., M.C., Capt. J. Gaskell Harvey. (Sitting) Mrs. Hofford, Mrs. Longfield, Mrs. Crawley, Mrs. Chambers and Mrs. Gaskell Harvey





Dorothy Wilding

**DIANA WYNWARD—THE HEROINE  
IN "HEART'S CONTENT"**

This play at the Shaftesbury Theatre by Chetham Strode is one of the winter season's certain winners, and gives that very charming actress, Diana Wynyard, a part worthy of her steel. Most people know that it is all about a lady who falls in love with someone who pretends to be a waiter, but is really a political "personage" waiting for the "call" to return to Austria. The crisis arrives: he goes and leaves the lady to make the best of things with a dullard whom she does not love at all

**T**HE census-taker approached a little tumbled-down shanty on the outskirts of Savannah and pushed his way through a bunch of little piccaninnies who were playing in front of the door. He knocked. The door was opened by a large lady of colour. After the usual preliminary questions the statistics gatherer asked: "What is your husband's occupation, Liza?"

"He ain't got no occupashun. He's daid. He's done passed awy fo-teen yeahs ago, suh," replied the negress.

"Then who do all these little children belong to?"

"Dey's mine, suh."

"Why, I thought you said your husband was dead."

"He is, but Ah ain't."

He was a very bad sailor, and the steward was trying to cheer him up.

"Don't be so downhearted, sir," he said to the suffering passenger, "seasickness never killed anyone yet."

"Don't say that," moaned the prostrate one, "it's only the hope of dying that's kept me alive so far!"



Fayer of Vienna

**DOROTHY DICKSON, WHO IS IN "CARELESS RAPTURE"**

This well-cast and very gorgeous musical play is another of London's big winners. Lovely Dorothy Dickson endows the heroine with that dainty grace of which she is such a great mistress. The play is devised and composed by Ivor Novello who also plays the hero Michael

## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Mrs. Murphy had dropped in for a gossip, and was told by Mrs. O'Hara that she was going to be married to her lodger.

"What!" cried Mrs. Murphy. "You're going to marry that hard-up lodger of yours? What on earth are you going to live on?"

"We'll be all right," replied Mrs. O'Hara. "The poor fellow owes me enough to keep us in comfort for years."

Rastus was asked what regiment he would join in the event of a war, and it was suggested that probably he would like the cavalry.

"No," said Rastus, in definite tones, "when they sound the 'Retreat,' I don't want to be hampered by no horse."

"Where am I?" murmured the battered motorist, returning to consciousness.

"This is Number Five," replied the nurse.

"Ward or cell?" replied the patient.

"Dad," said the small son of the house, "what is a parasite?"

"A parasite, son, is a man who walks through a revolving door without doing his share of the pushing."

An Irishman was relating to some friends how one night, on retiring to bed, he fancied he saw a ghost, and, having a revolver handy, he fired at it. The next morning he examined the object he had shot and discovered it to be his shirt.

"What did you do then?" asked one of the company.

"Bedad, I just breathed a prayer of thankfulness that I wasn't inside it!"

"And how do you find the razor, sir?" asked the barber.

"Didn't know I was being shaved," replied the customer.

"Very glad, I'm sure," said the barber, with a gratified smile.

"No; thought I was being sand-papered."

A sad-looking little boy entered a chemist's shop, and leaned on the counter.

"Please sir," he asked plaintively, "do you keep anything to relieve pain?"

"Yes, of course I do," answered the chemist. "Where is the pain?"

"Oh, it hasn't come yet," replied the boy, with a shudder, "but father's just got my school report."

A local preacher was delivering a sermon in the village hall on the subject of Sunday observance.

"This is becoming a dreadfully wicked world," he said, "Sabbath breaking is rampant. Here on this Sunday morning from

where I stand, I can see through the window a number of boys playing football."

"Please, sir," said a boy at the back of the hall, "can you see who's winning?"



## GREAT OPEN SPACES



A boisterous holiday at St. Moritz. Out all day, in all weathers. Glowing with health . . . But, alas, the picture has another side. Her face is rough, her skin weathered and sunburnt. Back at home, she picks up her engagement book, and there, staring her in the face, is an important party—perhaps the most important of the year. Situation lost? Social self-esteem completely forfeited? Not at all. She summons a taxi and takes her troubles round to Elizabeth Arden's Salon . . .

## BACK TO SOPHISTICATION



Here she discovers sympathy of the most practical sort. First, since her skin has become rough and dry, the worst of her sunburn must be removed; and this preliminary treatment must be completed by an application of nourishing and mollifying cream, patted in with a special cream-patter. Next, her nails . . . They, too, have suffered. But an oil manicure softens the unsightly dry cuticle and leaves the nails themselves smooth, even and good-looking . . .

## ON WITH THE DANCE



Now she can face the lights of the ballroom. Her complexion is fresh and satiny as if it had never been exposed to the wind and sun of the great open spaces. ★ On her dressing-table stands a row of preparations, with which she will continue the good work begun that afternoon:—Cleansing Cream and Skin Tonic; Muscle oil and Orange Skin food; Gland Cream and Velva Masque; powders and lipsticks exactly suited to her type of beauty. Another Elizabeth Arden masterpiece has been completed!

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# RACING RAGOUT By GUARDRAIL

## What Happens to the Racing Fraternity in the Winter Time?

**H**OW do they hibernate in that long, dreary, frozen period between the Houghton Meeting and Liverpool Spring, with nothing to bet on, and no time landmarks except Christmas, New Year, and the monthly training bill? The hunting field accounts for a few, and a fair number go to Switzerland, but these are all featured in the illustrated weeklies. As they cannot be "ringed" like ducks in a decoy, and the rings sent back from their place of hibernation, the others are unaccounted for, and it is these that I decided to study.

For those that love the sea let me strongly recommend the fourteen-day trip in a banana-boat to Jamaica. For thirteen days they will see nothing but the damn thing; they will bathe in it, so long as any portion of the water stays in the bath, and the noise of it, so dear to every seafaring sucker's heart, will only be drowned at intervals by the creaking of the bodywork, the rattle and shudder as the propeller comes out of the water, and the clatter of breaking crockery in the bar and galley.

At 11 a.m. the first morning out, the sole occupants of the deck were an elderly couple whose rugged faces, carried out in a *motif* of eau-de-Nil and battleship-grey, truly boded that their morning's quarter-decking would be brief. The journey to the bar would have ended in a pretty moderate landfall but for being able to get a steadier by grasping the hair of a good-looking girl slightly larger than myself, and then, going while the going was good, fetching up on a sofa.

In all this strange whirl it was homely to find, sitting at the table, the breeder of Golden Myth holding on like a bulldog to a pink gin, while the chain that held his chair hummed like a taut bowstring. Some busybody to do with the navigating department had seen fit to put the clock back half-an-hour, so that it wasn't really time for elevenses; but abdominal time is far more trustworthy and accurate, and it was twenty-four hours since yesterday's elevenses, whichever way you look at it. It made my mouth water to hear how, when Golden Myth won his Vase, Gold Cup, and Eclipse, his breeder had the nice wager of £8000 to £1000 on each occasion. One of our present-day Leviathans refused at Ascot to lay me a pony each way at fours, in the Coventry, with eighteen runners, two years ago, though it was three points under the odds!

Somewhere about 7.30 p.m., when they brought the "hot eats," which are so good on board ship, and one meets nowhere else, just as I was starting to tell the same hard-luck racing story for the third time, there was a diversion. Flung by the

violence of the ship, a gentleman entered the bar backwards on one wheel, and as the ship rolled back, it was found that the wave had left George Henderson on the sofa with us. He was on his way out to Jamaica for a holiday, and to give old Farmer Giles, who had preceded him, a chance of getting his head in front. He, too, had known sorrow in connection with bad starts, short heads, and shorter prices this season, but there is a lot to be said for the "out of bond" business on board ship, and it is no doubt largely responsible for sailors not caring. If they did, they'd slit their throats from ear to ear before they were out of their apprenticeship. George had taken the precaution of dropping into Weatherby's on his way to the station, and getting the Calendar with the Free Handicap in it, always a fruitful subject for discussion, and it was not long before yet another of the fraternity was with us. This was Mr. Crum-Ewing, going out to see his Caymana estate. That's where the name of his Hunt Cup winner, now unfortunately gone to Russia, came from. He very kindly took me to see his factory and estate on reaching the island, as from a child upwards I have always had an absorbing interest in getting some sugar. Mr. Crum-Ewing

has about 1000 acres of it, rather dud-looking pampas grass, and to extract the sugar it needs as many processes as are served on a bankrupt.

At the evening meal yet another racing "head" appeared in the person of Miss Jayne, *doyenne* of Northolt trainers. She had also sent out some horses to run in Jamaica. About the tenth day out the sun started to shine, the sea became blue and warm enough to bathe in the deck bath. The ship stopped rolling, meals were eaten on deck, and really this seafaring vocation didn't seem so bad—in fact, it was damn pleasant.

By the twelfth day blond men, blistered out of recognition from sun-bathing, looked as though they were wearing the Carnarvon colours, while most of the delicate-skinned females had developed a hide like a badly cleaned field-boot. This desirable consummation, the height of every true woman's ambition, can only be achieved by the pure fakirism of remaining in one spot indefinitely, at the risk of great pain and unsightliness during the transition stage, or by the aid of a dollar bottle of stain from any leading beauty specialist (but this isn't considered cricket). The ship arrived eventually, and any further observations on this absorbing migration and on racing in Jamaica will be forwarded by the post, which goes about every second muck-spreading. (To be continued next week)



CELEBRITIES AT HIALEAH RACES, MIAMI, FLORIDA

Mrs. P. B. Widener and Captain Cecil Boyd Rochfort arriving on the opening day of Miami's 46-day season. Captain Boyd Rochfort, who sent out last year's Leger winner, Mr. William Woodward's Boswell, trains Mr. Joseph Widener's horses in England. Mr. Widener was the man who opened the new course at Hialeah in 1931



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how thankful  
you are  
for  
a cigarette  
after  
that awful moment!

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.



THE GLOUCESTER XV. v. COVENTRY

Gloucester put up a good show recently in defeating Coventry by a goal and a try to a try. Neither side was at full strength, Gloucester being short of three of their "regulars" and Coventry of four. The Gloucester names in the above picture are:

(Standing) K. Smith, I. Jones, R. Morris, F. G. Edwards, P. Hordern, F. Abker (in cap), E. Bayliss, J. H. A'Bear (touch-judge). (Seated) S. Bisley, J. G. A'Bear, D. Meadows (capt.), A. Welshman, R. E. Hook, G. W. Parker, C. Harris. (On ground) E. R. Day and J. A. Bown

DEAR TATLER—

**N**EXT Saturday, at Swansea, Wales and Scotland will meet for the forty-eighth time, the score at present standing at Wales 23, Scotland 22, whilst two games have been drawn. It is worth noting that Wales have won five out of the last six matches. Three of these have been at Murrayfield, so evidently Wales do not share the dread which overwhelms England whenever they go North nowadays. One hesitates definitely to forecast the winner of Saturday's contest, but, bearing in mind the shocking display of Wales at Twickenham, it seems possible that Scotland may contrive to bring the scores level. In one respect, Scotland has set the other countries a good example by publishing their chosen team in good time. They left one place vacant, it is true, but they have very good reason for so doing, since they wished to give W. M. Inglis a fair chance of recovery.

This Scottish side has several points of interest. For example, both W. G. S. Johnston and R. C. S. Dick are well-known London three-quarters, though neither of them plays for the Scottish. We have been told that this year our old friend and opponent, W. R. Logan, has been showing improved form, and we note that there are no fewer than four, perhaps five, new forwards. One of these, G. B. Horsburgh, might well have played before, for he must have been on the verge of the pack for some seasons, whilst W. B. Young's cap surprises few who remember his prowess at Cambridge last year. There certainly appear to be possibilities about the Scottish attack. Dick can break through in the most amazing style, as England has had good reason to know, and Johnston has few superiors in the matter of going for the line.

Unfortunately, we do not at the moment possess the names of the Welsh side, though we could hazard a guess at several which will appear and others which will not. It is unlikely that there will be any great alterations in the back division, but there may be—and there certainly should be—several alleged forwards who played for Wales for the last time at Twickenham. Mr. Rowe Harding, who is one of the soundest of the Welsh critics, says that the pack at Twickenham was the worst ever put into the field by Wales. I think he must have forgotten the one which was utterly disgraced three or four years ago by England at Cardiff. It is surely obvious by now that if Wales are to make the best use of their undoubtedly brilliant backs, they must cease to put their faith

## A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

in a light scrummaging pack and off-side loafers.

No one doubts that the Welsh Selectors have it in their power to produce a thoroughly useful set of forwards and a side which would give an exhibition of fast, open Rugby. At present it seems that the Welsh side will not play good foot-ball themselves, and they are particularly careful not to allow their opponents to do so. One can sympathise with the Welsh back division at Twickenham when they saw a match being thrown away which they might so easily have won. It will be most interesting to see whether the Welsh powers that be have learnt anything from that débâcle, or are prepared to con-



Photos.: Crisp

THE COVENTRY XV. v. GLOUCESTER AT COVENTRY

All the scoring was in the first half, but in the second Henson was nearly in for Coventry, the try being only saved by a touch-down in the nick of time. The Coventry XV. were:

(Standing) G. E. Beynon (referee), R. W. Henson, A. H. G. Purchas, W. D. Wilson, R. A. Harris, W. Jones, A. Kenyon, R. W. K. Clarke, Captain N. P. Chapman. (Seated) H. Walker, A. A. Wyman, A. Walker (capt.), C. S. Harris, W. A. Collins, R. W. Nicol. (On ground) N. Stock and J. Kaye

tinue the same old dull scramble. In my view, the English XV., with one or two exceptions, have been given far more than their share of the blame. Their severest critics might remember that almost anybody can play a spoiling and destructive game, more especially when the majority of referees allow far too many infringements to go unnoticed. It is too much to expect centres to beat four or five opponents, most of whom have obtained what we may euphemistically call a "flying start."

Most Rugby clubs hold annual dinners, and very pleasant functions they are, but the Wasps R.F.C. differ in that their dinner is held every five years. This season is the seventieth in the club's history, and the birthday will be duly celebrated at the Park Lane Hotel, Piccadilly, on Wednesday, February 10. Mr. J. E. Greenwood, the President of the Rugby Union, and several notable past Presidents will be present, together with many famous personalities of the Rugby world. Mr. W. W. Wakefield, M.P., and Colonel Lyall Grant, of the London Scottish, have both promised to speak, and Mr. Walter Pearce, for three years President of the Rugby Union, will propose the toast of the evening—the Wasps Football Club.

The Wasps' long and honourable career is due not only to the enthusiasm of the players, but also to the support of those whose playing days are over. There are more than two hundred playing members, and ten fifteens are turned out regularly every Saturday, which goes to show that there are no signs of senile decay. Mr. George Taylor will preside at the dinner, for which tickets may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, W. H. S. Cairns, Sardinia House, Sardinia Street, W.C.2.



# This England . . .

SINCE the first West Angles pushed their way up the lovely valley of the Dove, the wooded cloughs of Derbyshire have been beloved of man. There he has settled — Roman and Dane, Saxon and Norman—fusing the richly English character of the people of those parts. Rich too the provender of this little world—the grayling and trout in the chuckling waters, the rich Stilton they make around Ashbourne and the lush pastures that cradle those great Shire horses so long the envy of the world. And over at Burton on the Trent they brew their beer —your Worthington — hearty, wholesome, Old English in the truest sense.



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THE PERMANENT STAFF, AIR OBSERVERS' SCHOOL, NORTH COATES, FITTIES, Lincs

At this place with the somewhat complicated name, the officers seen in the group above teach the embryo air-observer his job, which is as many-sided as it is important, since it includes vital matters of reconnaissance, in which accuracy and skill may turn the fortune of war, as well as the invaluable task of "spotting" for the gunners. Wing-Commander P. Huskinson is in command of the School

(Back row) F.-Lt. A. Threapleton, F.-Lt. F. W. Dixon-Wright, F.-O. L. A. Bett, F.-Lt. R. S. Peill, F.-Lt. E. Crowe-Browne, F.-Lt. E. Foster, F.-O. R. V. Bucknall, P.-O. N. W. Wright, F.-Lt. R. E. H. Emson, P.-O. J. D. C. Joslin, P.-O. J. W. S. Forbes. (Front row) F.-Lt. A. H. Fear, F.-Lt. J. Coverdale, F.-Lt. P. de C. Festing-Smith, S.-Ldr. G. W. Lynn, S.-Ldr. E. W. Broadberry, M.C., W.-Cdr. P. Huskinson, M.C., S.-Ldr. J. D. S. Denholm, S.-Ldr. A. Heskest, D.F.C., F.-Lt. D. W. R. Ryley, F.-Lt. E. J. P. Davy, F.-Lt. H. L. Messiter

### Maybury Report.

**W**ITH due respect to the gentlemen who formed the Maybury Committee, I cannot find in their Report anything that could not have been prepared by any intelligent observer of aviation in three or four days. What all the time has been spent on I cannot imagine. Which will indicate that I find the Report disappointing. Its suggestion for an experimental system of inland air lines has been made before and means, in effect, that control over inland air transport should be handed over to the railways. For the railways are immeasurably the most powerful of all air-line operators, and can offer mail, passenger, and freight facilities more comprehensive than those within the reach of any other company. No licensing authority could exclude Railway Air Services and, admitting them, the authority must, if it follows the recommendation of the Report, exclude all other companies from the main air-line system. Which is all very well—for the railways, but will it be well for air transport?

The Maybury Committee makes the discovery that on the short distance, inland air lines, terminal communications are slow and fritter away the time gained by high-speed flying. I suppose it is entitled to lift the facts and figures in support of this conclusion from Sir Francis Sheldermine's excellent paper of a good many months ago, seeing that Sir Francis was a member of the Committee; but, as a result of our previous reading of that paper, we are not quite so impressed by this discovery as we might have been had original facts and figures been produced. The worst thing of all is that, having found and noted the slowness of terminal communications, the Committee makes no suggestion for improving them. It cramps the proposal to establish a Central London airport, and it does so on inadequate grounds.

### Aerodrome Owners.

I confess to a certain amount of surprise when, having read the Maybury Report, and having noted its poverty in statistics and practical suggestion, I attended the dinner given by the Aerodrome Owners' Association in the evening and heard the Report praised in unmeasured

## AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

terms. Speaker after speaker rose and said how brilliant and how able it was. Speaker after speaker hinted at the tremendous effects for the good it would have upon British aviation. Speaker after speaker congratulated the distinguished members of the Committee. Almost one began to think that perhaps some of the speakers

believed that the distinguished members of the Committee might be of value to them in the future. After listening to these speeches, one longed for a statement of the kind the Duke of Windsor occasionally made about aviation. With a few well-chosen criticisms, he used to shatter complacency and stir people up to further efforts. But no one shattered the complacency of the aerodrome owners.

And I suppose that if they are satisfied with the Report and have no objection to the railways controlling inland air transport, and are ready to accept without a struggle the present terminal communications, all is well. So possibly these critical comments are out of place. If so, I can only excuse them as being the outcome of an obstinate belief that successful inland air transport is still a practical possibility and that the aeroplane can still be made economically successful. And, anyhow, I like the maps at the end of the Report. They are very pretty.

### Training.

**A**ir Service Training, Ltd., tell me that the past year has been a record one. In addition to the 6906 hours flown at the second A.S.T. school at Ansty, near Coventry, as many as 16,267 hours were flown at Hamble. At Ansty the entire efforts have been devoted to the training of Royal Air Force *ab initio* pupils and members of the Reserve. This training has continued at Hamble, but here there has been an increase in civilian training. In this 6239 hours have been flown, compared with 3416 hours during the preceding year. During the year, 49 Imperial Airways' pilots passed the special marine training course, for which the school holds a three-year contract. Another contract of interest is that for training the personnel of H.M.S. *Excellent* in height-finding and air-speed judgment. During the year 31 "A" pilots' licences were obtained.



WAITING TO START FOR THE CAPE: FLYING OFFICER DAVID LLEWELLYN WITH HIS WIFE

When the photograph was taken, Flying Officer Llewellyn had been forced by bad weather reports to postpone the start of his flight to the Cape. Mrs. Llewellyn was doing her best to beguile the tedium of waiting with a cup of coffee





VAT  
69

*that's fine!*

More and more people are *awake* to the quality of Vat 69. Men used to talk of special and rare whiskies available only to the favoured few. Now everyone can enjoy

The Luxury Blend of  
*Liqueur*  
SCOTCH WHISKY  
*Quality Tells*

Distilled and bottled in Scotland by Wm. Sanderson & Son, LEITH



Half bottles,  
quarterbottles,  
flasks and  
miniatures.



THE 17/21st LANCERS "A" POLO TEAM,  
WINNERS AT DELHI

This team won the Radha Mohan Polo Tournament at Delhi, beating the 17/21st "C" team 3 goals to 1½. The names (left to right) are: Mr. N. Dugdale, Captain H. C. Carden, Mr. R. M. Fitz Hugh and Mr. R. L. V. French Blake. The linked regiments, as will be observed, are still upholding their polo reputation. The 17th and the 21st between them have an almost unbeatable record in Inter-Regimental polo in India and England combined, to say nothing of a win on the Rhine

#### Vehicular Traffic.

HEAVEN knows I am strongly enough in favour of a bit of fun, but when one's headlights pick up something glinting near the middle of the road and the object finally reveals itself as a roller-skate, surmounted by a small boy, who is clothed in drab, camouflage clothes, and who is skating in the same direction, one begins to cavil. All small boys are intrinsically objectionable—as all small girls are intrinsically charming—but one does not like to prevent them from enjoying themselves. So when, by daylight, they rush out into the road in the middle of a fight, or bicycle in a series of swinging swoops on a machine ten sizes too large for them, or roller-skate on the wrong side of the road, I say to myself benevolently: "You were as young once, remember—and as objectionable." But when they take to roller-skating, still on the wrong part of the road, on pitch-black nights, I think the time has come to raise a timid objection. Observe that the roller-skating small boy does not carry a rear light or reflector or white patch. Observe that, if a motorist hits him, the motorist will be branded as a murderer. I know that it would be far better if we could rely upon parents looking after their children and preventing them from racing about on the main roads, but that method of control seems to be out of fashion. If a child is hurt on the roads nowadays, infuriated mothers demand the presence of Leslie Hore-Belisha. One day when little Willie cuts his finger we shall have Sir Kingsley Wood inundated with virulent abuse.

As the parents seem to want other people to control their children, let it be so. Let the police take action against these roller-skaters of the night—if they can; for I am a little uncertain as to whether a roller-skate is vehicular traffic, bath-chair, hackney carriage, bicycle, or pedestrian, and as to whether the police have any right to give its wearer any orders at all.

#### Lights.

From roller-skates to dazzling lights is a natural transition, for both of them can constitute night-time dangers to motorists. Look at the way they have arranged the lights on the two new bridges on the Chertsey Road. The people who sited those lanterns, who allowed them to be so sited, and who permit them to continue to be so sited

## PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

must be without knowledge of the conditions desirable for road safety or else extraordinarily callous. For as the motor-car driver climbs the approach slope to the bridge, the lights of the down slope come on a level with his eyes and provide about the most effective dazzle device I have seen. The effect of those dazzling lights, especially on wet nights, is to blot out whole areas of road from the view. One cannot see if anything is on a completely dark patch of road nearby, if just beyond it a light is arranged to shine directly into one's eyes. I know both those bridges well, and I say that they would be much safer if the lights were not used. Motor-car drivers would then rely upon their headlights, and, doing so, would drive more safely than they do at present. If you doubt my word, go and look at those bridges on a dark, rainy night.

#### Morris Service.

Morris Motors have issued a booklet dealing with service and giving details of the preventive maintenance scheme. For medium-size Morris cars,



LORD AND LADY MEATH'S HOUSE-PARTY AT KILRUDDERY,  
CO. WICKLOW

In this group of Lord and Lady Meath's guests at their recent house-party are Madam FitzGerald, the Countess of Meath, Lady Meriel Brabazon, her younger daughter, Mr. Geoffrey Holt, who is a kinsman, Lord Verulam, and the Knight of Clin, Desmond FitzGerald, the twenty-eighth Knight in the line of succession

twelve months' preventive maintenance can be had for about £10 12s. 6d. For this, all adjustments are made at regular intervals, the car is regularly washed and polished and the interior brushed, tyre pressures are adjusted, and, at the correct intervals, oil levels are checked, plugs cleaned and reset, and brakes adjusted and tested. Many owners find such a scheme of value not only directly to themselves, but also to their cars by keeping them in better tune. An interesting list of retail prices for work done at the Morris works is given in a pocket at the end of the booklet. It shows that on the Morris "Ten-Four" Series II., complete engine overhaul, with modernising as far as practicable, costs £11 10s. For the Twenty-one and Twenty-five it costs £25 10s. This means in effect that a new engine is obtained for that expenditure, and is an instance of the value of well-organised service.

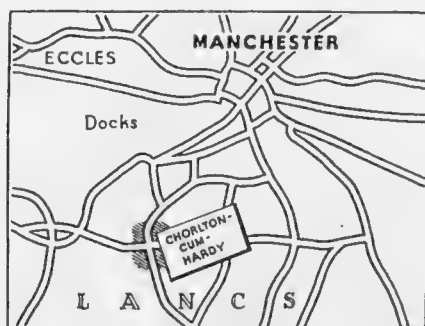
#### Rover Extensions.

The Rover Company are continuing their scheme of consolidating their Coventry factories at one centre and large extensions are in progress at the Helen Street works to take the car dispatch department and showrooms. These are at present at Parkside. The new buildings are designed to simplify the work of dispatch and will contain waiting-rooms, dispatch offices and showrooms.





CHORLTON-CUM-HARDY  
BUT TO **SHELL** CUM LAUREL(S)



YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL



The door opened and, pushed from behind by half-a-dozen delighted young people, entered the taxi-driver

## "TAXI, LADY?"

By SHAUGH COURTENAY

THE fact that the musical comedy itself hadn't been very enthusiastically received did nothing to damp Stella Medway's spirits. On the contrary, it stirred them into more sparkling effervescence, for it had made her own light shine the brighter. Stella Medway had been enthusiastically received, so what did the show matter? She had added a few more inches to her pedestal, and a few more unknown admirers to her vast public.

Even the brown eyes of the taxi-driver outside the stage-door seemed to light up on her appearance. She treated him to one of her gracious smiles as he touched his cap.

"Taxi, lady?" She got in, mentioning the address of her flat in the tone of one casually repeating a fact already well known to the world, and sank back into a corner. As they swung into the lighted streets, she wondered idly if the people would be hurrying by so unconcernedly had they realised that the taxi—apparently no different from any other taxi—was carrying Stella Medway!

She was tired. She closed her eyes. And before she knew it, she was nearly at her flat, and the driver was drawing up. She looked out of the window, satisfied herself that she really had arrived, and got out. She began to dig sleepily into her bag for change—but before she had time to lay her fingers on it, the driver had let in his clutch and was gone.

She opened her eyes wide, to make sure she was not still dozing, and gazed at the back of the receding cab. Even to Stella Medway, for whom a great many men had done a great many foolish things, the experience of seeing a taxi-driver go off without his fare was a new one. She stood watching, half-expecting him to stop and turn back, until he had disappeared round the corner. Then she gave it up and went inside. It was the man's loss. Anyhow, he knew where to find her.

In a few minutes she had forgotten about him, and the incident didn't return to her mind until the next night, when, after another gratifying ovation, she had thrown a gracious "Good-night" to the stage-doorkeeper.

"Taxi, lady?" a voice greeted her.

She looked at the man at the wheel. She hadn't noticed the driver of the night before carefully enough to be sure he was the same, but there was something about the brown eyes—she always noticed eyes first—which looked familiar. She hesitated for a second, then stepped into the cab, almost automatically murmuring her address.

Outside her flat she got out and opened her bag.

"Did you drive me home last night?" she asked.

The driver smiled, showing a set of uneven, tobacco-stained teeth. She noticed that he was young, and not bad-looking.

"That's right, lady."

"You forgot to wait for your fare."

The driver smiled again—and let in his clutch.

Stella stood turning over in her fingers the silver she had extracted from her bag. It might have been a most unusual case of forgetfulness last night, but now it was clearly deliberate. Was the man mad? Or was he up to some queer game?

Reason suggested that if he had wanted to play any funny tricks he had had two evenings in which to play them. But all he had done was drive her straight home and waive his fare. If he were mad, somebody ought to have discovered it before, in which case he wouldn't have been driving a taxi at all. The only plausible reason for his conduct that she could imagine was infatuation—and she knew too much about her own powers of infatuating to suppose that they were confined to young men in white ties and opera hats.

She was well able to look after herself; and, as the way from the theatre to her flat was well lighted, and with plenty of people about, the infatuation couldn't lead to much harm. So if he chose to go on taking her home for nothing, he might just as well be allowed to do it. If he played any funny tricks, such as going out of the way, she could always scream in plenty of time. And there might be good publicity in a scream.

Next night he was there again. "Taxi, lady?"

"Look here," she demanded, "what, exactly, is the idea?"

The driver grinned, and she thought she saw that fatuous adoration in the grin that, to her, was so common in men's faces.

"Get in, lady. I'll take you 'ome."

"But what about your fare?"

"That's all right, lady. Get in."

Stella Medway didn't care to be seen arguing with a taxi-driver outside the stage-door, so she did as she was asked. She noticed that there were two fresh carnations in the little chromium vase on the dividing window. Last night there had been roses. She was more than ever convinced that infatuation was the answer.

This time, when she got out, she didn't trouble to open her bag. She stood with one foot on the pavement and the other on the running-board, and demanded to have the game explained.

(Continued on page 228)



# There's Entertainment at Monte Carlo



**T**HERE'S no denying it: the English are a spoilt and pampered race. They demand to be amused. They insist on having the best of everything. More—they regard it as their due! And they get it.

That's why so many of you flock to Monte Carlo. You're spoilt there, all right. No bother, no fuss, no worry—and a seemingly endless round of entertainment day and night, the best of its kind, something for every mood. Galas and gambling, dinners and dancing—when you are feeling gay... Bridge—when you are serious... Tennis tournaments, golf championships, sailing regattas—

when the sporting spirit is on you. And a superb, an astounding programme of music, recitals and concerts, which *must* be heard, whatever mood you're in. If you're a proper Englishman you'll go to Monte Carlo and have the best of everything. Go now, while the Season is at its height.



This winter the cost of living at Monte Carlo is cheaper than ever. In spite of the devaluation of the franc, hotel tariffs have not been increased, which means in English money a reduction of approximately 35 per cent. Railway fares and all other expenses show proportionate savings. Visitors to the HOTEL DE PARIS, the HOTEL METROPOLE and the HOTEL HERMITAGE will continue to enjoy the advantages of the "pension tournante." This makes it possible for them to take their meals as they choose, either in their own Hotel or at the Café de Paris, or at the International Sporting Club.

There are good hotels to suit every purse, full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

## CALENDAR

FEBRUARY — APRIL 1937

**SOCIAL EVENTS:** GALAS at INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB and HOTEL DE PARIS; Battle of Flowers, March 6; INTERNATIONAL REGATTAS during March: Flower Show, March 28-April 4; Dog Show, April 3-4; Theatre — Season of Comedies and Operettas in progress at Beaux Arts Theatre. **SPORT:** Winter Sports—Beuil, Viking Cup and Primrose Cup, International Ski-jumping Competition, February 21; Auron, Downhill Race for Grand Prix d'Auron, March 21; Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis); INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), February 22-28; EASTER TOURNAMENT (Macomber Gold Cup, Duncan Trophy, Wills Cup), March 29-April 7; Monte Carlo Golf Club — SPORTING CLUB CUP, February 20; Rivett-Carnac Challenge Cup, February 27; Walter de Frece Cup, March 6; PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE CUP, March 19-20. **MUSIC:** Concerts — Jacques THIBAUD, February 17; Sydney BEER and Walther GIESEKING, February 19; Richard STRAUSS, March 12; KREISLER, March 17 and 19; RACHMANINOFF, March 24 and 26; Bruno WALTER, March 31; Adolf BUSCH, April 2; Ruth SLENCZINSKI, April 7; Gala of Modern Music — Florent Schmitt's "Psalm XLVII," conducted by Dimitri MITROPOULOS, April 14; OPERA Season lasts till April 10.



## "TAXI, LADY?" (Continued from page 226)

"Game, lady?" echoed the driver in an injured tone. "There ain't no game. 'Swelp me Gawd, there ain't! I couldn't take no fare from you. 'Twouldn't be right." The pained expression gave way to the fatuous grin. "Good-night, lady."

As he was obviously about to let in his clutch, Stella had nothing to do but remove her dainty foot from the running-board. She no longer had any doubt that he was just another of her worshippers, paying homage in the only material way he knew. Every night he appeared at the stage-door; every night there were fresh flowers in the vase, and every night he drove off without waiting for his fare. He never spoke—except to utter the formula, "Taxi, lady?"—unless he was spoken to, which wasn't very often.

"I shan't want you to-night," she said to him once. "I'm not going straight home."

"That's all right, lady," he beamed. He opened the door. "Where to?"

He put her down at the entrance to a night-club, where she was to join a party. It was a large party, and it was already in full swing.

She was welcomed tumultuously, which was very fitting, as she was clearly the centre of attraction. A glass was filled for her, and there were plenty of willing hands ready to refill it whenever it touched her carmined lips. She was in her element. Time danced by to the mellow notes of the saxophone, and the level in her glass remained constant. Suddenly she realised that she had been working hard all the evening, she was sleepy, and it wouldn't do her any good to drink any more.

She got up and wrapped her cloak round her. A gentleman whose hand had done quite a lot of the refilling got up too. He was an elderly and influential gentleman, and well-known connoisseur of beauty. Had she been less sleepy she might have declined his offer to see her home, but it seemed less trouble to accept. Going down the stairs he explained that he had sent his own car home, but he would call a taxi.

A taxi was waiting patiently outside—Stella's taxi. He whispered an address to the driver and got in after her. He sat unnecessarily close to her, and his hand closed over hers. All of a sudden he jumped up and put his head out of the window.

"Hi!" he shouted. "You're going the wrong way."

"All right, sir," said the driver over his shoulder. "I knows the way."

"That's right," said Stella sleepily.

"He knows. He drives me home every night. He was waiting for me."

"But—but I told him to go to my place first. I thought you might like a little drink."

"Very nice of you, but not to-night, thanks. I'm too tired." Stella received his increasingly persistent offers of hospitality with polite but dreamy stubbornness until the taxi stopped at the entrance to her block of flats. Then he got out with her.

"Let me see you up to your own door," he demanded.

"No, thanks. I'm all right. Good-night."

But the gentleman was not to be so easily thwarted of his desire to play the part of escort thoroughly. He persuaded, argued, and began to accompany her through the outer door.

The taxi-driver slowly climbed out of the driving-seat. He was enormous. Much bigger than Stella had ever suspected. He strode across to the doorway, picked up the gentleman, returned with him under his arm to the taxi, shut the door on him and drove off. "Good-night, lady," he called, with his fatuous grin on his face.

The incident made an excellent tit-bit for Stella to tell to all her friends. News spread, and Stella Medway's infatuated taxi-driver became the subject of amusing gossip in the theatre. Many paraded at the stage-door for the sole purpose of seeing him waiting for her, and hearing his only utterance—"Taxi, lady?" A paragraph appeared in a gossip column, but it was not in the sort of paper the driver was likely to read.

Then came the day for which Stella had been secretly longing. Lord Wellbrook returned from India. Lord Wellbrook had shown marked appreciation for Stella before he had gone abroad, and now he came fully up to expectations. He appeared at the theatre with unfailing regularity, bearing a box of expensive chocolates or a still more expensive bouquet, and saw her home to her flat. Stella had no intention of giving up the stage, but she had every intention of becoming Lady Wellbrook.

At his first appearance the taxi-driver looked sheepish. At the second he looked disappointed. And after that he grew downright sullen. But he never failed to turn up, nor to carry out his normal routine. If they went to supper or to dance after the theatre, he was invariably there, waiting, when they came out. "Believe the poor chappie's jealous," commented Lord Wellbrook.

"Sorry about him," laughed Stella. "He's crackers."

On the last night of the show's run, Stella gave a party at her flat. There were lots of cheery people, lots of noise, and lots of admiration. There were congratulations and jovial banter, too, for Stella Medway and Lord Wellbrook announced their engagement. In the middle of it a wag got up and called for silence.

"The party's not complete," he announced. "The most important guest hasn't appeared yet. But, by special arrangement, I can now present him to you."

The door opened and, pushed from behind by half-a-dozen delighted young people, entered the taxi-driver, wrapped in his muffler and huge overcoat and wearing an expression of utter misery. Somebody forced a glass into his hand.

"Speech!" cried somebody else, and the shout was taken up all round. After many prods and yells, he was persuaded to say something.

"They tell me you and the gent's goin' to get married, lady," he said disconsolately. "I s'pose I ought to say I'm glad for yer. But wot that other pore gent's going to say, Gawd knows!"

"What—" began Stella, but her words were drowned in shouts of laughter.

Somebody made her produce a large photograph of herself and sign it. With great ceremony it was presented to the

taxi-driver. He studied it in silence for a full minute, and scratched the back of his head.

"Stella Medway," he read aloud at last. "That'll be just yer stage name, lady?"

"And my real one," said Stella, rather peevishly.

The driver opened his mouth and stared at her.

"That gent. . . ." he gasped. "That nice gent. as give me all that money before 'e went to Africa, to take the lady back 'ome safe every night. . . ." He brushed the back of his huge hand across his forehead. "'Ere, did you 'ave a lady in the show name o' Miss Ella Redmay?"

It was Stella's turn to gape. Somebody giggled, then burst into hilarious laughter.

"You know, darling. That frumpy one in the chorus!"

Stella's face slowly turned crimson, and she looked as if she might burst into flame.

"Strewf!" muttered the driver. "An' me bin drivin' the wrong party all this time! I won't 'arf 'ave somethink to say to that stage-door-keeper about this 'ere!"

THE END.



H.E. AHMED SEDDIK BEY

A recent portrait of the Director-General of the Egyptian State Tourist Department and also President of the Tourist Development Association of Egypt. Ahmed Seddik Bey is the holder of the British C.B.E.





NELSON

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Therefore Vogue suggests that while purchasing your wardrobe for the spring season, you regularly study its special forthcoming fashion numbers; that before you even begin to plan your first purchases, you buy and consult its new issue, on the bookstalls to-day—the

## SPRING HATS NUMBER

see here, flower-pots, pill-boxes, sombreros, toreador toques, fools' caps and bonnets—felts and straws—ribbons, veils, embroideries. And because there is all this that you *may* wear, the problem of what you *may* wear is harder than ever and correspondingly more important.

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Never before have there been so many smart hats! . . . motor-tyres, like the Suzy model you

# VOGUE 1/-

# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by

M.E. Brooke

INDIVIDUALITY is reflected in Waring's (Oxford Street) collection, assembled in the model gown department. Just something not too expensive is what women are needing; therefore on this page is portrayed an ensemble for seven guineas. It consists of a dress and coat carried out in a new soft wool material. The former is innocent of sleeves and belt; nevertheless it is shaped at the waist. This conceit has a decidedly slimming effect. A new note is struck in an original scarf arrangement of a lighter shade than the dress, and is in complete harmony with the lining of the coat. As will be noticed, the coat has sleeves and there are three tones present in the check; it is available in blue and brown.

Picture by Blake





# "Why other shops cannot sell my Roussel Belt"

Master Corsetier of Paris insists on individual fitting

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# SMOCK FROCKS

THERE is much talk about American fashions, but little is said about the pleasure that Americans take in those that are created in England. They are always enthusiastic regarding Liberty's (Regent Street) smocks and smocked frocks. Below on the right is an artist's or morning smock. It is carried out in printed linen, the cost being thirty-nine and elevenpence; it is available in many colour schemes. There are other smocks of Tana lawn for twenty-nine and elevenpence; it seems almost unnecessary to add that the smocking is done by hand and the garments are made in this firm's own workrooms. An illustrated brochure will be sent on application



SMOCK-FROCKS are totally different from the artist's smocks and are made in the loveliest materials. The one at the top of the page is expressed in Sunglam taffeta; note the puff sleeves and square neck. Made to measure it is ten guineas; patterns of other materials in which it would look remarkably well would be forwarded on application. The smock-frock at the base of the page on the left is of Sunglam georgette, and of it one may become the possessor for nine and a half guineas. There are light as well as dark grounds; it looks ultra smart in black and white. A strong point in favour of this material is that packing has no deleterious effect on it. It is safe to predict a vogue for it in this the Coronation year

Pictures by Blake







DURING the "between-season" period, it is possible to have a Bradley suit made to order for as little as 9 gns.; while in the Model Gown and Coat Salons there is a wide range of new Spring models, which can be copied to order in Bradley's own workrooms at special prices until February 20.

A. Man-tailored Suit in Saxony suiting with coat lined silk. Made to order. **9½ Gns.**

B. Coat and Skirt in diagonal tweed, with coat lined silk. Made to order. **10½ Gns.**

C. Redingote in light-weight woollen material trimmed figured silk and lined silk to waist. Made to order. **9½ Gns.**

D. Man-tailored Three-piece Suit in basket-weave tweed, with detachable shoulder cape and coat lined silk. Made to order. **12 Gns.**

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# TAILORED CARDIGAN SUITS



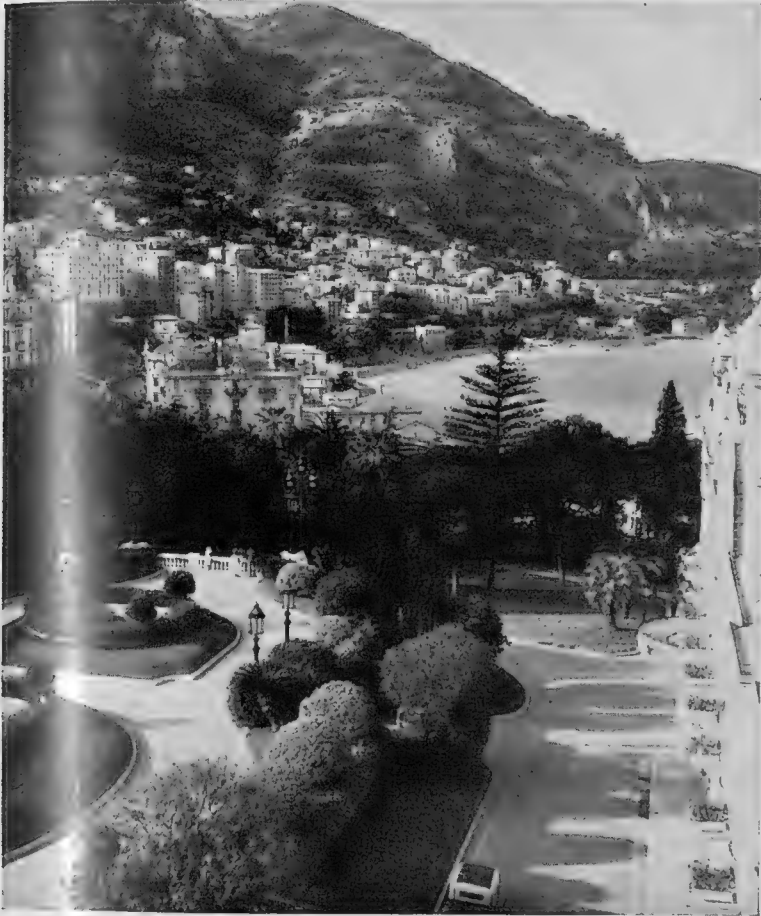
THINGS are not always what they seem; for instance, the Braemar suits on this page are not of tweed but are of jaquard Botany wool. The model above shows a bold check design with new envelope flap patch pockets; the buckled belt increases its charm. The neat model on the left has much to be said in its favour, the scheme being completed with an effective striped scarf to tone. They are sold by outfitters of prestige, the makers being Innes, Henderson and Co., of Hawick

THE Braemar specialities include not only suits but jumpers, cardigans and skirts. There are twin sets consisting of cardigan and jumper; they are made of the finest quality cashmere. There are many new stitches in those showing lace designs. Neither must the soft Shetland affairs be overlooked, as they really are delightful; they are particularly light and warm. The necklines are very important as they are original and varied. Scarves in many colours, plain or plaid, are in the limelight

Pictures by Blake



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"HAWAIIAN" is the newest, reddest red! Vivid and impudently daring, yet so soft, sincere and warmly feminine. Positively won't turn purplish. More rapture-making with the new dewy Tattoo secret!

"CORAL" has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. Yes — dewy too!

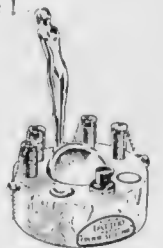
"EXOTIC" is a truly exotic new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it more effective than ever with the new never before Tattoo dewiness.

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Dewy, but dewy! The biggest piece of lipstick news yet! New Tattoo makes lips eager, soft, gives the dew of youth . . . turning matron's lips to maiden's from Manhattan to Mayfair! There's heart trouble in its sweet tenderness . . . every exotic South Sea Tattoo shade takes on dawn-dewy magic! Let's repeat—dawn-dewy lips as advertised. Perfectly, permanently so! Staying put through all the hours that come . . . Saying that make-up routine. Ne'er a suspicion of puckering, drying. Need we say it—the new dawn-dewy Tattoo is secret to Tattoo alone!

"NATURAL"—a medium shade — is a true, rich blood colour. An asset to any brunette — gives the new dewy beauty!

"PASTEL" is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warmth which blended with the new dawn-dew look is truly amazing!



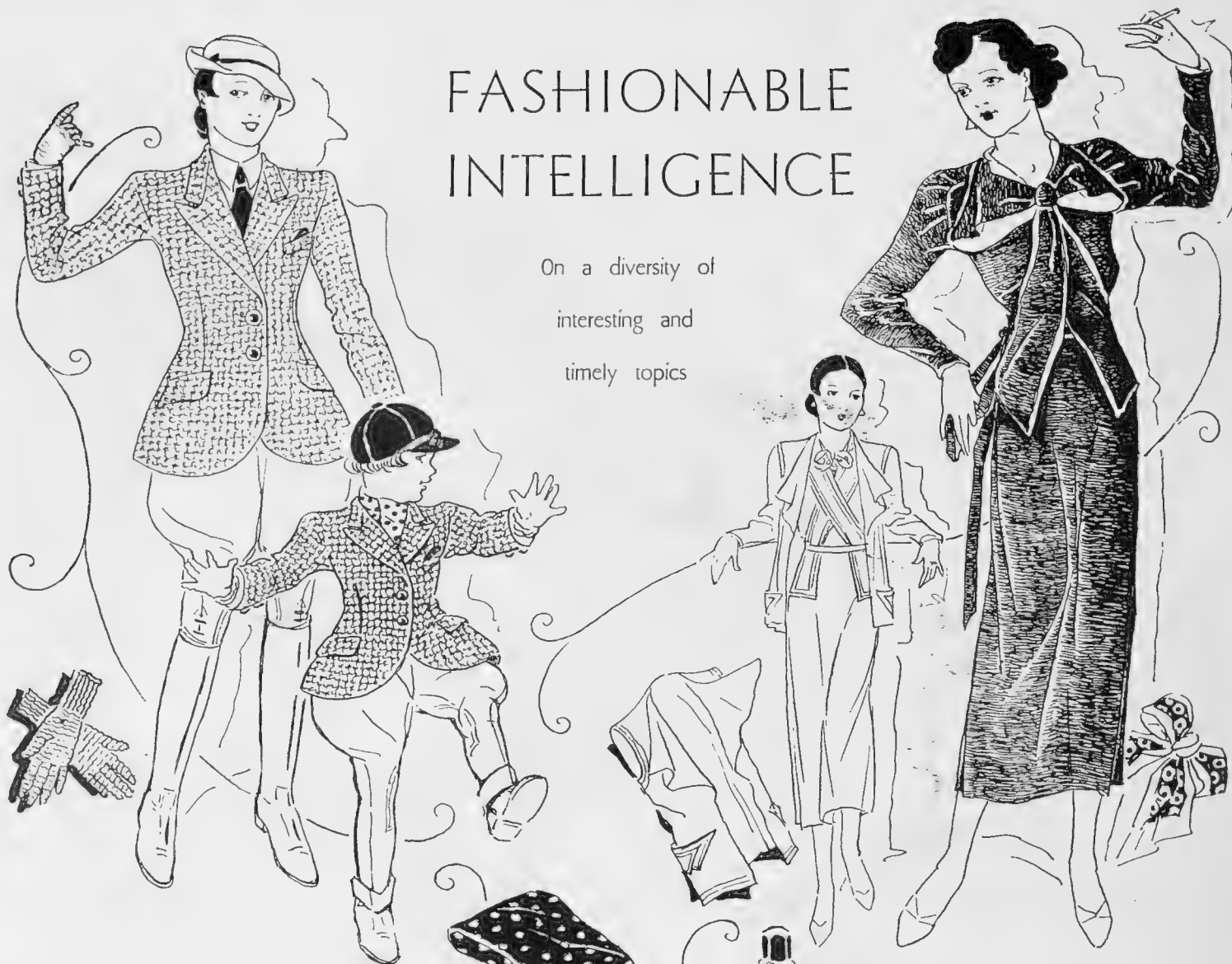
At this Tattoo Colour Selector on the better cosmetic counters everywhere you can actually test on your own skin all the Tattoo Shades with the new dewiness!

THE NEW 'STAY-NEW'

# TATTOO

# FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE

On a diversity of  
interesting and  
timely topics



## Ready for Riding.

More and more children are learning to ride, and their equipment must, of course, be correct. Since they grow so quickly, however, the Bedford Riding Breeches Company, 19, New Quebec Street, have designed jodhpurs and coats for children—such as those sketched above—in a variety of materials at very moderate prices. This firm also have velvet jockey caps and all accessories, such as scarves and gloves, both for children and their parents. The figure above is wearing a shirt of natural spun silk, with tweed jacket and well-cut breeches; there are woollen pullovers with deep roll collars.

## Beauty All the Year

Specialists agree that it is constant care, not fitful bursts of treatment, that finally benefits the skin. Regular massage with "Larola" morning and evening brings a good colour even to faded complexions, for this preparation is both a cleansing lotion and a skin tonic. It can be obtained from chemists and stores from 1s. 6d. a bottle. Those who are planning a cruise should remember that "Larola" enables them to tan without blistering and counteracts dryness. It is excellent also for protecting the face against biting winds when travelling.



## Maternity Frocks.

It is always wise to consult an expert on such a special problem as maternity frocks; therefore a visit must be paid to Frances Fraser, 24, New Cavendish Street, who has created the two models above. The dress sketched on the smaller figure is of bouclé afghaline in an attractive blue-green shade. It is cut like a coat, tying either at the back or side, and trimmed with a printed silk scarf at the neck, and is provided with many clever devices for aiding the silhouette. Accompanied by a sleeveless coatee, it costs five and a half guineas. The black silk dress beside it, faced with turquoise crêpe de Chine, is planned for afternoons or informal dinners and costs six and a half guineas; naturally it could be made in other materials and colours. This model has side pleats which can be adjusted easily and inconspicuously. For more formal evenings there is a black ciré net dress with a series of invisible fastenings finished with a short coat of the same material. Frocks are from four and a half guineas, and Frances Fraser has designed specially attractive lingerie—in any colour from a guinea—which lies perfectly flat and is very easy to adjust.





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## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



Hay Wrightson  
MISS PAMELA HUGGINS

The only daughter of Major and Mrs. Gilbert Huggins, of The Adjutants House, The Royal Hospital, Chelsea, who is to marry Mr. Robert Oswald Guy Gardner, the son of the late Captain R. O. Gardner, and Mrs. Ashworth, of Summerlands, near Kendal

quietly between Flight-Lieutenant Alfred W. Callaghan, B.A., M.B., B.Ch., Royal Air Force, the only son of Dr. and Mrs. Callaghan, Ahascragh, Ballinasloe, and Miss Maureen Swaine, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Swaine, 2, Lower Hatch Street, Dublin.

## Marrying Shortly.

Mr. Harold Morris, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Morris, of Brynglas, Briton Ferry, is marrying Miss Louise Lawrie, the youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John Lawrie, of Colinton, Worplesdon, Surrey; the wedding will be a quiet one at the end of February; in the middle of March, Captain A. N. Francombe, M.B.E., R.A.F.O., of Tanganyika, and Miss Peggy Thornley,

## Spring Weddings.

The marriage is taking place in April between Mr. James Donald Brown, of Oglaby, Stromness, Orkney Islands, and Zaria, Nigeria, and Miss Christian Lenore Furneaux Dawson, the youngest daughter of Mr. Percy Furneaux Dawson, W.S., and Mrs. Furneaux Dawson, of 9, Rothersey Terrace, Edinburgh, and Greymount, North Berwick; towards the end of April the marriage will take place



MR. AND MRS. J. FISHBOURNE

Photographed after their marriage on January 22 at St Paul's, Knightsbridge. Mr. Joseph Fishbourne, Fifth Fusiliers, is the only son of the late Lt.-Col. C. E. Fishbourne, and Mrs. Shakeley, of Adderbury, Oxon, and his bride was formerly Miss Jean Harrison, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Harrison, of Morant Bay, Jamaica

of Ravensdene, Scarborough, are being married in London; and on March 30, Mr. C. Thomas Macaulay Booth and Miss Anne Tucker McGuire, are being married at Winchester, Virginia, U.S.A.

## Recently Engaged.

Mr. Godfrey Victor Ralli, the elder son of Sir Strati and Lady Ralli, of Beaurepaire Park, Basingstoke, and 40, Upper Brook Street, W., and Miss Nora Margaret Forman, the only child of Mr. and Mrs.

Charles Forman, of Lodden Court, Spencers Wood, Reading; Captain Maurice Godley, Aide-de-Camp to the Governor of Trinidad, the son of Mr. J. C. Godley, C.S.I., and Mrs. Godley, and Miss Glen Short, the younger daughter of the late Captain Mayow Short and Mrs. Short, of Tobago, B.W.I.; Mr. Maurice Knowles Garnett, of Lindula, Ceylon, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Garnett, of Woodthorpe, Crowthorne, Berks, and Miss Kathleen Patricia Beauchamp, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Beauchamp, of Colombo, Ceylon; Mr. Frank Hickson, of Tokyo, and Miss Ernestine Brown, the ward of Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Evans Smith, of St. Gabriels, Herne Bay, Kent.



MISS BETTY WATSON

The youngest daughter of the late Mr. Egidial G. Watson, C.M.G., former British Resident of Perak, F.M.S., and of Mrs. Watson, of Bickenhall Mansions, W., who is engaged to Mr. Herbert Payne, of Rangoon, Burma, the youngest son of the late Mr. C. C. Payne and of Mrs. Payne, of Barkston Gardens, S.W

## LADIES' KENNEL

In these days of "slimming" and "keeping fit" all sorts of devices are suggested to make one take exercise. Golf is extolled, other methods suggested, but it is odd how rarely dogs are mentioned. There is nothing like a dog, or dogs, for making one take exercise—preferably dogs; one feels somehow that one dog can stay at home, several can't, quite illogical! Many a time have I been roused from a comfortable fireside on a bad day by the reflection the dogs must go out, greatly to my ultimate benefit. To anyone who does not care for games, yet wants to take exercise, I commend a dog—or dogs!

Though it is only a comparatively short time that the Keeshond has been known in this country, he has rapidly become a favourite. Keeshonds are very handsome dogs, hardy and intelligent. They are good guards, though not savage. Miss Hastings has worked her kennel up, by patience and by intelligent breeding, as she is one of those people who understand the breeding of animals. She has been rewarded by having one of the foremost kennels of this breed.



WHITE WEST HIGHLAND TERRIERS  
The property of Miss Barker

She has bred several champions. The photograph is of the famous Ch. Halunke of Evenlode at eleven months old. He has won seven championships and over thirty first prizes. He is little brother to the equally famous Ch. Hagedorn. Miss Hastings has a nice family, aged nine weeks, for sale now. The mother is a sister of the two celebrities, and the puppies are good ones, as they should be. There is also a bitch for sale, later sister to the champions, who should breed good ones. The pups are strong and healthy and ready to go now. Miss Hastings and her



CH. HALUNKE OF EVENLODE

The property of Miss Hastings

## ASSOCIATION NOTES

partner, Miss Cousens, have a boarding kennel at Henley. They also take pupils, and there is a vacancy for one now. The kennels are most pleasantly situated up in a pretty country and the pupils really learn their job.

Miss Barker is the owner of a kennel of two most delightful breeds, Deerhounds and White West Highlanders. She, too, lives in an ideal place for dogs—at the edge of the New Forest, where the Deerhounds find plenty of room to gallop. She has at present a young Deerhound bitch for sale who would make an excellent companion as she is gentle and affectionate. Deerhounds are rapidly coming into favour as companions as their good qualities become better known. There are also a few West Highlanders for sale, including the two in the picture. The Deerhound has had distemper, the terriers are inoculated.

The Poodle is an old breed, and it has long been renowned as the most brainy and teachable of all breeds—most really high-class performing

dogs have some connection with poodles. Lately he has become extremely popular as a show-dog, too. Mrs. Ionides has recently added Poodles to her kennel of Griffons, and has done extremely well. She sends a photograph of a litter by Ch. Vulcan Champagne Pommer; it can be seen what a good litter they are. There are usually Poodle and Griffon puppies and young stock of all ages for sale, and as the kennels are at Twickenham they are very easy to visit.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



POODLE PUPPIES  
The property of Mrs. Ionides





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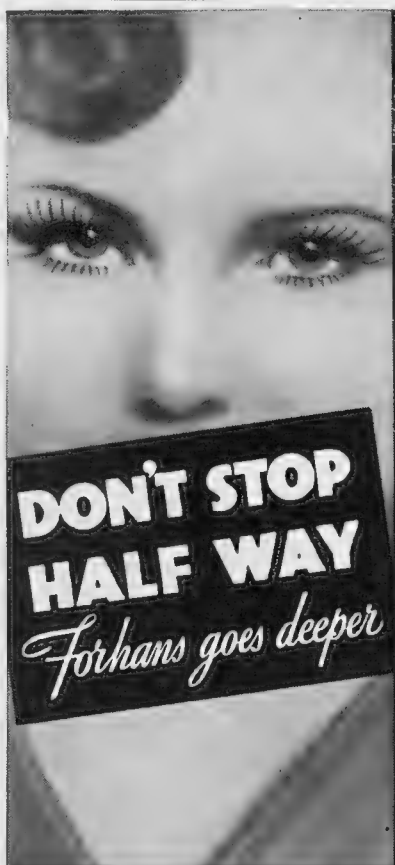


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## Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 215

Our Dumb Friends' League is now engaged upon a campaign to buy up all the old Army horses and mules left behind in France and Belgium after the Armistice in 1918. This is what Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke did in the Eastern Theatre of war, where mounted units were more largely employed.

I have had a visit from a Mr. Webster, who is, I understand, an official of Our Dumb Friends' League, and who told me that the League was paying £8 a head for these wretched animals, and that that was the "sausage" price. From some photographs he has sent me I should not think there was 1 lb. of sausages on any of them, and so I fear the League is being badly done in the eye. The war ended 18 years ago. Most of these animals must have been about 10 years old, perhaps more, at that time. Mr. Webster says that there are 200 ear-marked as old Service horses and that the League wants £3,000 to buy them and give them a merciful death.

In a leaflet I have received it is stated that these poor animals cost £10 per head to buy. Speaking from memory, I think the top price paid in Cairo was £6 and sometimes less. I am fully convinced that the Continental sellers are being paid far too much. It is a ridiculous price to demand for a pound of sausage meat of a diseased kind. The fundamental fact is, of course, the scandal. Both in Egypt and in France and Flanders all horses which could

not be shipped home ought to have been put down. To get these 200 in France and Flanders ought not to be very difficult, but I repeat that the good League is being done by the rascally sellers.

The police authorities of the countries concerned ought to take a hand and help. I am sure that in this country the police, in conjunction with the R.S.P.C.A., would step in and stop such a bad ramp. The object is, of course, entirely worthy, and all that I suggest is that

some means should be sought to outwit the people who own these pitiful old wrecks. I feel that if the authorities in France and Belgium were approached that something could be done.

\* \* \*  
Miss M. M. Y. McDonald, who is an enthusiastic worker in this particular cause, has written to me and in the course of her letter she says:

"With regard to the various points you mention—the average price for a horse in Belgium at present is £10. They can frequently be purchased for £8, but, on the other hand, the Brussels Veterinary College pays up to £14 or £15 for diseased horses and mules—for vivisection and serum purposes. A particularly delectable type of sausage requires that the horses should be in a state of starvation, and containing the minimum of moisture in the body. They are frequently kept without water for weeks before slaughter, and the blood of one horse, purchased by the League, was absolutely black in consequence.

"I understand that the number of War horses and mules in Belgium is still quite uncertain."



Truman Howell

A RECENT MEET OF THE TREDEGAR AT NEWPORT BARRACKS

The 2nd Brigade Royal Horse Artillery were hosts to the Tredegar, recently, at Newport barracks, and the day provided a grand hunt of three hours with a kill in the open on Twm Barllym mountains. The picture includes: Major Godfrey Wade, Sir William Cope, Major W. M. Rouse, Mr. C. C. Ll. Williams, M.F.H., Mrs. A. Q. Archdale, Major W. J. Roche, Mrs. J. Starling, Major Lionel Lindsay, M.V.O. (Chief Constable of Glamorgan), Mr. Foster, Dr. W. Wayne-Morgan, Captain John Starling and Captain J. V. D. Radford

## From the Shires and Provinces—cont. from p. 192

rider has this day joined the S.P.G.; this is gospel, but it is the Society for Pulling Gee-gees. On Friday, at Moreton-in-Marsh, no one could say good morning, but everyone said good afternoon. Banks Fee, as usual, furnished us with a grand fox who took us at a grand gallop over a grand country; so grand was it all that some horses soon came to a grand finale, including Dermot's mount, to whom whisky was administered. While much admiring the spirit in which this was given, we would have thought that champagne was more suitable for anything emanating from Over Norton. On Saturday the meet was at the ever-popular Langston Arms, previous to which the annual Hunt Meeting took place, whence the glad news was circulated that our popular Master is continuing in office.

### From the York and Ainsty

Both packs were out on Thursday, January 21, in lovely weather. The Northerners had quite a nice day from Winsley Hurst, including a circular thirty minutes from Cayton Gill and back, and another short hunt late in the afternoon from Hemmersyke. The South pack met at Newton-on-Ouse, and we were a bit nervous as to what would happen as that bit of country has been sadly short of foxes this season; however, events were better than our hopes and there were two quite good hunts—one from Court House Wood to Tollerton and back to Overton, sixty minutes with a four and a-half mile point; and another from Tollerton towards Aldwark and back. It was pelting with rain when the South met at Hagg Bridge on Saturday, and a lot of the fields were pretty well under water. One fair lady was de horsed, but was assisted by a chivalrous Knight who sprang from his milk-white steed for the purpose.

### From the Fernie

Torrential rain poured down upon us at Smeeton on Monday, and with a cold wind on top of it the outlook was anything but inviting. The most ultra-brave got aboard their horses, but the comfort of the car made a bigger appeal to many. Luckily the Masters made a prompt move off and the trot on to Gumley Wood worked up the circulation. The lady on the grey, a newcomer, without mackintosh, braved the driving rain and, like many others, was quickly wet through. Gumley coverts blank, the field splashed over the waterlogged land to Bunkers Hill, where a fox was found, but he sought the shelter of the hill woodlands and did not face the open for some

time. When he did go away scent was washed out completely. A short dart from Mowesley also failed. Walton Holt was a further disappointment. Everyone was glad to turn for home after a thorough drenching. The winding street of Houghton-on-the-Hill led to Mr. and Mrs. Pochin's demesne on Thursday, where hounds and field were made welcome. Many Hunts were represented and on such a fine day it was good to be alive. The heavy going took heavy toll of the gallant. A tree fox gave us a ringing hunt over the Thurnby country, setting his course for Scraftoft, where he was rolled over in the open after a good ninety minutes. Finding next in Thurnby the rush for the bridle gate at Sunnyleys brook resulted in a traffic jam.

### From the Cheshire

To some of us this week's hunting has been overshadowed by the death of Harry Tomkinson, this year's President of the Tarporley Hunt Club. At some time we have all got to pass on, but it is sad, very, to lose someone of his age. He will always be remembered as a fine horseman, and there was no more consistent man across this, or any other, country when hounds really ran (and possibly not always on the finished article). He leaves behind him a great number of people who will miss him, and who will remember him as a fine sportsman and a really true friend. Sixty minutes from Nevilles Wood into the Baddiley country and back practically to the Bache House was most enjoyable, and the best we have had this week. A great debt of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Patterson for so kindly lending their house for a most successful wire dance.

### From Lincolnshire

The tap has been turned on with such a vengeance recently that hunting is now being carried on with the greatest difficulty. Everywhere the going is knee-deep. Heavy rain throughout Saturday (January 23) did not, however, curb the enthusiasm of hunting people. Scent was good and all the packs did well. The Blankney, for example, scored a fine gallop from Broughton Top. Hounds were running in and around the waterlogged vale for one hour and twenty-five minutes before losing their fox, which once essayed to cross the turbid waters of the Witham. The Belvoir would have done better on a fox from Elton Wood had he not persisted in running the railway between Bottesford and Staunton. There is a full casualty list as a result of the treacherous going, Miss Rosemary Sandars, of the Southwold, being one of them—this time with a broken collar-bone.



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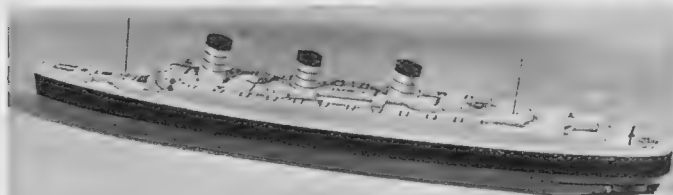


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A COMING CRACK—BRIAN SPENCER FREEMAN AT ST. MORITZ

Little Brian is only ten years old, and this is his first year on skis; but he has already won prizes at it. He is the son of Captain and Mrs. Spencer-Freeman, and his sire is in the picture on the right

The Manuscript Theatre Club is a new and potentially very valuable addition to the theatre in London. Under the leadership of Miss Fay Compton and Miss Beatrice Kane, its object is to put on new plays that

## NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask for £10, to help an old lady, aged 84, who has outlived her generation. In her youth she worked as a teacher, and later she made her home with an old friend who has since died. Now she struggles to live on 15s. weekly in a South Coast town. She is a typical Victorian gentlewoman, she even dresses in the Victorian style; she finds life very hard in the modern world, for she would rather go without food than owe a penny. Friends of the Poor are anxious to give this lady a helping hand. Please send donations in aid of a case which is so eminently deserving.

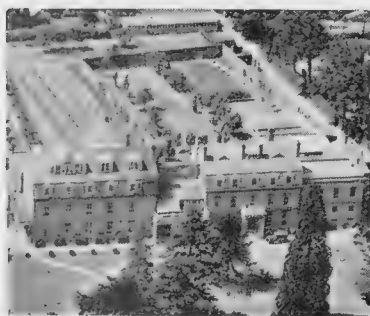


THE PROUD FATHER, CAPTAIN SPENCER FREEMAN

have merit in the hope that they may so come to wider notice and acceptance by the public stage. It is not a question of *outré* or extraordinary pieces, nor of would-be-clever rococo methods of production, but simply of the search for good, honest material for the stage. Members are to vote on the merits of each production, and the results of the voting will be displayed. The club should be of great service both to authors and to managers: to the authors in that they will be able to find an outlet, or at least a small scale tryout for their work, and also to managers in that it will give them a very clear indication of plays that are likely to please the public. The incapability of London managers of the present day to judge a production on its merits is notorious, and most unfortunate for the whole profession. It may well be that actual staging of good plays, backed by the approval of a critical section of the public, may free us from a system that chooses plays for production (to judge from the results) by the length of the author's hair or the amount of publicity that he may have been able to pump up for himself. Perhaps it will at last free managers from the hypnotism of a "big name" and allow the force of intelligent criticism to influence the supply of plays to the public. The address of the Manuscript Theatre Club is 6a, Rodmarton Mews, Dorset Street, Baker Street.

Considerable interest attaches to the one-man show by Professor Philip Kaufmann, which opens at the Cooling Gallery in Bond Street on February 9. Professor Kaufmann is a Viennese portrait artist who has had the world's celebrities among his sitters (the late King of Yugo Slavia was painted by him just before his untimely death, and he also painted one of the finest portraits of Monsieur Poincaré soon after the War). He is spoken of all over Europe as "the famous son of a famous father," for he is the son of the great Isidore Kaufmann—the only Austrian artist with a picture hanging in the Tate Gallery. Besides portraits, Professor Kaufmann is showing at the Cooling Gallery some exquisite flower studies and a few landscapes—including one of Enzesfeld Castle, where the Duke of Windsor is now staying. The professor has himself been a frequent guest at this castle, and has painted a very fine portrait of its owner. The Austrian Ambassador is giving his special patronage to the exhibition.

A short while ago Queen Mary expressed a wish to see Mr. Gilbert Miller's production of *Pride and Prejudice*, which was then running at the St. James's Theatre. Owing to the fact that Helen Jerome's dramatisation of Jane Austen's famous novel closed a few weeks ago, after a very successful run of over eleven months, Mr. Gilbert Miller has now arranged to present it for one special matinée on Monday, February 15, when Queen Mary will be present. The entire proceeds are to be given to the rebuilding fund of St. George's Hospital. The cast will be headed by Angela Baddeley, Hugh Williams, Athole Stewart, Dorothy Hyson, Barbara Everest and Eva Moore.



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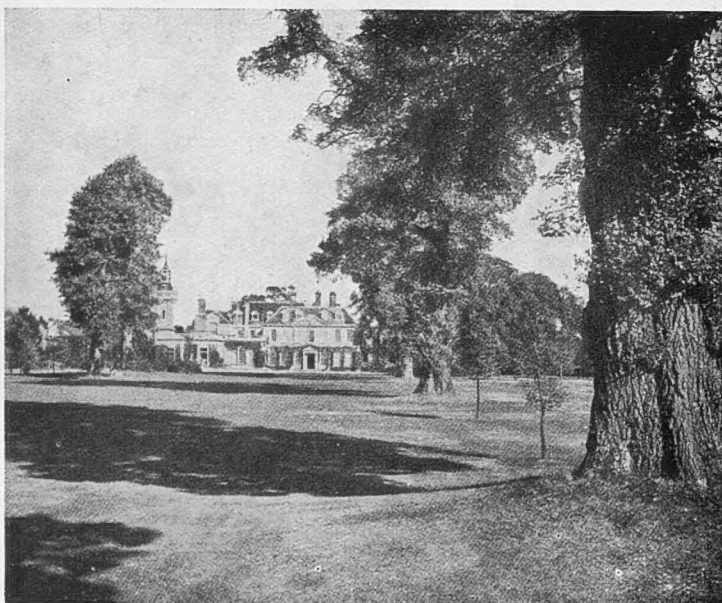
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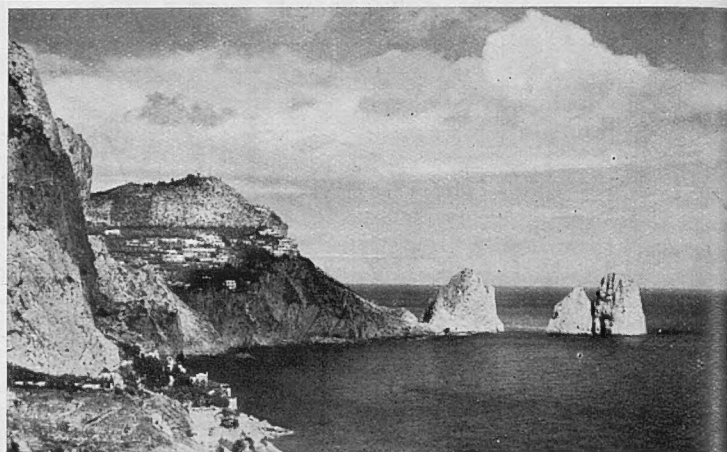


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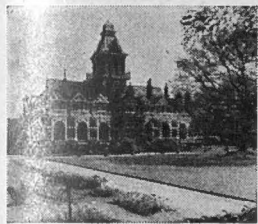
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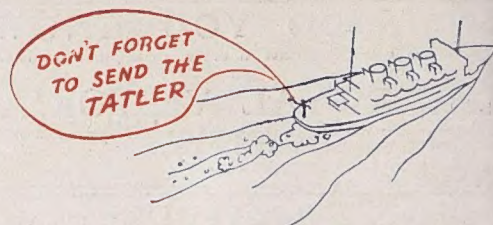
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